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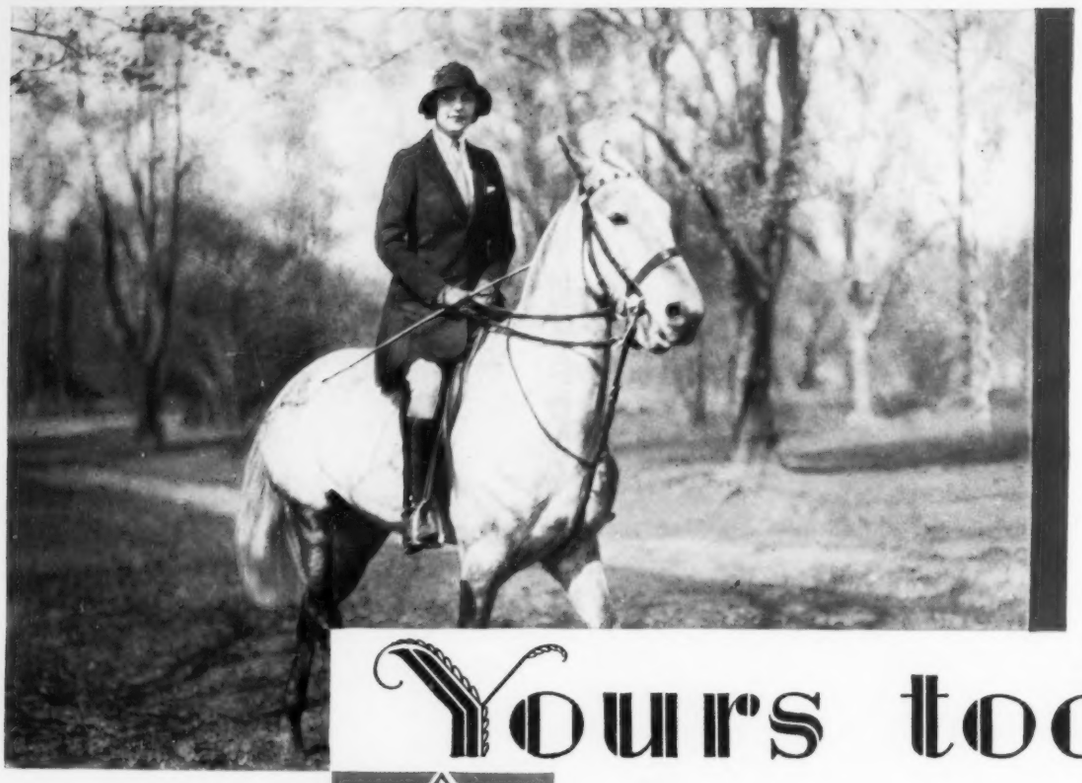
THE NEW YORKER



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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 15, June 1, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 8. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS:" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild sponsors an unpretentious but very enjoyable light comedy from the Czechoslovakian. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

HOLIDAY—Philip Barry's engaging high comedy, with Hope Williams. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

JONESY—The turmoil of a college-boy's vacation exaggerated into a diverting farce. (Bijou, 45, W.)

JOURNEY'S END—An extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentlemen's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

KIBITZER—An amusing piece about a kibitzer at penny pinochle forced to play a big hand on the stock market. (Royale, 45, W.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore as a charming divorcée who encounters her philandering ex-husband at a Westchester houseparty. (Little, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Gay and well-presented comedy, featuring Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

THE LOVE DUEL—Ethel Barrymore almost redeems a dull play by the wit and glamour of her performance. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH—Mrs. Fiske glitters and sparkles delightfully in the revival of an antiquated comedy. (Klaw, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—A. A. Milne's exciting play about a beautifully planned, and apparently detective-proof, murder. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—Final performances of Eugene O'Neill's nine-act work. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40. Extended engagement will probably end Sat., June 1.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's tremendously effective play that is this season's Pulitzer prizewinner. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

BLACKBIRDS—Second season of the successful all-colored revue, now being played by a new cast—without Bill Robinson. (Eltinge, 42, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

FOLLOW THRU—A lively show about love and golf, with some of the best music, dancing, and comedy in town. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GRAND STREET FOLLIES—Some deft impersonations by Dorothy Sands, Paula Trueman, and Albert Carroll. (Booth, 45, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Love and fisticuffs in a well-paced production. One of the best. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A gay, spirited intimate revue, notable for its humor and a cast which includes Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MUSIC IN MAY—Flowery Shubert operetta agreeably sung. (Casino, B'way at 39.)

THE NEW MOON—Roaring romance in old New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—A rough, jolly revue. Nearer the Shubert office than the Adriatic. (Shubert, 44, W.)

PLEASURE BOUND—Bad aesthetics but good entertainment. With Phil Baker. (Majestic, 44, W.)

SPRING IS HERE—Youth, horseplay, and lovemaking, accompanied by a tuneful Rodgers-and-Hart score. (Alvin, 52, W.)

WHOOPEE—A gorgeous Ziegfeld production, Eddie Cantor supplying the comedy. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

THE PASSION PLAY—Communal religious ceremony brought to America by Morris Gest. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

HOBOKEN—Boucicault's melodrama, "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," played just as it was fifty years ago, is at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . "The Black Crook," the famous song-and-dance spectacle of the sixties, is at the Lyric, 39 Hudson St. (Hoboken 5733). Nightly at 8:30 Mat. Sat. only at 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is near both theatres. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—Irene Rich in a dramatic sketch, and Irving Aaronson's Commanders will be at the Palace, B'way at 46, Fri. and Sat., May 31 and June 1; also, Bill Robinson, the tap-dancing star, formerly of "Blackbirds," who will probably continue through the week commencing Sun., June 2. (2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

OPENING OF NOTE

BECKY SHARP—The Players' all-star revival of Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." Opens Mon., June 3; for one week only. (Knickerbocker, B'way at 38.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dancing during dinner in the Renaissance Restaurant.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Opens Tues., June 4; entirely renovated, and decorated by Joseph Urban. Dancing during dinner and after the theatre; Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Chick Endor.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Always a favorite after the theatre; Emil Coleman's orchestra until June 1.*

PIERRE'S, 290 Park (Murray Hill 1081)—Dinner dancing in a pleasant Park Avenue atmosphere. Must dress.

SHERRY'S, 300 Park (Plaza 0200)—Dinner dancing at another all-season standby. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's jazz.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Murray Hill 7600), redecorated as a Persian Garden; open for dinner and dancing until 11:30 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), a magnificent view and Vincent Lopez music; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), worth the trip for the harbor view. . . . Other roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44, reopening June 4; McAlpin, B'way at 34, reopening June 3; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33; and Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, not a roof, but cool and airy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only a few of the more interesting night clubs of this type—there are many others: Club Richman, 157 W. 56, George Olsen music.* . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Jack White. . . . Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, a new open-air place.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that certain touch, and not very expensive, are: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—The most low-down and amusing places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134. Go very late.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900). Must dress.

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JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—A few of the better roadhouses within an hour's drive of Times

(Continued on page 6)

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THE NEW YORKER
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(Continued from page 4)

Sq. are: Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, dancing and refreshments on the terrace; open until 2 A.M. . . . Woodmansten Inn, Pelham Parkway and Williamsbridge Rd., Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Joe Moss and his Meyer Davis orchestra; open until 1:30 A.M. (Sat. 2:30).

MOTION PICTURES

ALIBI—The underworld and its ways again, in an all-talking movie. Expertly and dramatically photographed, and exciting enough for anyone. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE BROADWAY MELODY—A talkie of theatrical life which is drawing the crowd. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—An all-talking tale of various horrors, with especially good photography to heighten the effects, and Ronald Colman as the young hero. (Apollo, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

THE COCOANUTS—Uproarious comedy by the Brothers Marx, but the music and dancing are nothing much. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

MADAME X—One of the most successful of the all-talking pictures, devised from the famous heartbreak drama, and beautifully acted by Ruth Chatterton. (Harris, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—Al Jolson, almost in person. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Tues. through Fri., June 4-7; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—Norma Shearer tells the whole truth and nothing but the truth in an all-talking picture of the popular melodrama. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE VILLAGE OF SIN—Life in the Russian wheatfields with excellent Russian camera work. A silent picture. (Little Carnegie Playhouse, 145 W. 57; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Betrayal," a silent film important for Jannings' vivid portrayal of a middle-aged burgomaster who finds the problems of a pretty wife beyond his solving; "The Letter," Jeanne Eagels giving a fine performance in a very good talkie of Maugham's play; "The Valiant," Paul Muni lifts above average this tragic all-talking picture of a condemned man.

OPENING OF NOTE

Opened too late for review in this issue:

BROADWAY—Talking-movie version of the popular stage play. (Globe, B'way at 46; 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

ART

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group, Davies, Homer, Inness, Lawson, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger contemporaries, Billings, Blume, Dickinson, Kuniyoshi, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

FRENCH—Moderns: Derain, Matisse, etc., in a group summer show: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—The French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

MORE FRENCH—Paintings, water colors, and drawings by Picasso, Derain, Dufy, Vlaminck, Laurencin, and other moderns: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

NOTE—The big exhibit of contemporary American decorative art at the Metropolitan Museum will continue through the summer. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

RUSSIAN-AMERICAN GRAND OPERA COMPANY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 8. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

—Rubinstein's "The Demon." Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 8 Ave., Fri. and Sat. Eves., May 31 and June 1, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

PLAYERS' CLUB—Walter Hampden, Daniel Frohman, Will Irwin, and others will be heard: Fri., May 31, at 7 P.M., over WEAF.

VICE-PRESIDENT CURTIS—And Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador, will be among the speakers at the dedication of the Atlantic City Auditorium: Fri., May 31, at 10 P.M., over WEAF and WOR.

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—Part III, and other church music: Sun., June 2, at 4 P.M., over WABC.

DMITRI TIOMKIN—Russian composer-pianist: Sun., June 2, at 10 P.M., over WABC.

OPERA—De Koven's "The Red Feather:" Sun., June 2, at 10:15 P.M., over WJZ. . . Cesare Sodero's "Russian Shadows," Acts III and IV: Mon., June 3, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., June 2, at 11:30 P.M., over WEAF.

JAMES J. WALKER—Himself: Tues., June 4, at 7:30 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra, broadcast from Denver: Tues., June 4, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SIGURD NILSSEN—Bass, and Julia Glass, pianist: Wed., June 5, at 8 P.M., over WEAF.

SCHUMANN-HEINK—The famous contralto; Reinald Werrenrath, baritone; and the Chicago Symphony, broadcast from the Radio Banquet in Chicago: Wed., June 5, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF and WJZ.

FRIEDA HEMPEL—Soprano, and Albert Spalding, violinist: Thurs., June 6, at 7:30 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium at 3 P.M.: Yankees vs. Chicago, Sat. through Tues., June 1-4; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wed. through Sat., June 5-8. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

GOLF—Westchester County Amateur Tournament, Green Meadow C. C., Harrison, N. Y., Wed. through Sat., June 5-8. . . . New Jersey Amateur Championship, Plainfield C. C., Plainfield, N. J., Thurs. through Sat., June 6-8. . . . Long Island Amateur Championship, Lakeville G. and C. C., Great Neck, L. I., Thurs. through Sat., June 6-8.

HORSE SHOWS—West Point Horse Show, West Point, N. Y., Wed. and Thurs., June 5 and 6. . . . Tuxedo Park Horse Show, Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Fri. and Sat., June 7 and 8.

POLO—Yale vs. Army, Phipps Field, New Haven, Conn., Sat., June 1, at 3 P.M. (Trains leave Grand Central at 12 noon, 12:25, 1, and 1:05 P.M., arriving in New Haven at 1:43, 2:33, 2:37, and 2:51 P.M. respectively.)

RACING—Belmont Park, races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.)

TRACK—Intercollegiates, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 31 and June 1. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Philadelphia every hour on the hour, taking two hours.) . . . New York Athletic Club meet, Travers Island, N. Y., Sat. Aft., June 8.

YACHTING—Invitation Regatta, Indian Harbor Y. C., Greenwich, Conn., Fri. Aft., May 31. . . . American Yacht Club Races, Sat. Aft., June 1. . . . Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Races, Sat. Aft., June 8.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who look ahead.)

BOXING—Max Schmeling vs. Paulino, heavyweights, Yankee Stadium, June 27.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS—Columbia University, 116, W. of B'way, Tues., June 4, at 6 P.M.; N. Y. U., June 12; West Point, June 13; Princeton, June 18; Yale, June 18; Harvard, June 21.

CREW—Yale-Harvard, at New London, June 21. . . . Intercollegiate Regatta, at Poughkeepsie, June 24.

DOG SHOWS—Westchester Kennel Club, Rye, N. Y., June 22. . . . Long Island Kennel Club, Huntington, L. I., June 29. . . . Monmouth County Kennel Club, Rumson, N. J., July 6.

GOLF—Sectional Qualifying Tournament for the National Open, St. Albans, L. I., June 10. . . . Intercollegiate Championship, Hollywood G. C., Deal, N. J., June 26-29. . . . National Open Championship, Winged Foot G. C., Mamaroneck, N. Y., June 27-29. . . . Metropolitan Amateur Championship, Montclair G. C., Montclair, N. J., July 12-15. . . . Metropolitan Open, Lido C. C., Long Beach, N. Y., July 18-20.

HORSE SHOWS—Westchester County Show, Westchester-Biltmore C. C., Rye, N. Y., June 13-15. . . . Babylon, L. I., June 28 and 29. . . . Fairfield County Hunt Club, July 18-20.

MUSIC—Goldman Band, outdoor season opens June 10. . . . Stadium Concerts, Van Hoogstraten conducting, Lewisohn Stadium, starting July 5. . . . Starlight Park Opera season opens July 4.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club Tournament, Westbury, L. I., June 8-July 15. . . . Intercollegiate Championship matches, Philadelphia C. C., June 15, 22, and 29. . . . Rockaway Hunt Club Tournament, Rockaway, L. I., June 22-July 13.

TENNIS—National Intercollegiate Championship, Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, June 24. . . . English Championship, Wimbledon, June 24. . . . Interzone Davis Cup Finals, Stade Roland Garros, Paris, July 19. . . . Davis Cup Challenge Round, Stade Roland Garros, Paris, July 26-28.

TURF—Belmont Park, through June 10. . . . Aqueduct, June 11-July 4. . . . Empire City, July 5-27. . . . Saratoga, July 29-Aug. 31.

YACHTING—New York Y. C. Regatta, Glen Cove, N. Y., June 13 and 14. . . . Larchmont Y. C. Races, June 15. . . . Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. Races, June 22. . . . Riverside Y. C. Races, June 29. . . . American Y. C. Races, July 3. . . . Larchmont Y. C. Races, July 4. . . . Knickerbocker Y. C. Races, July 5. . . . New Rochelle Y. C. Races, July 6. . . . Eastern Yacht Club Cruise, July 6-13. . . . Indian Harbor Y. C. Races, July 13.

NOTES—Quarterly income-tax payments are due June 15. . . . The Fourth of July falls on a Thursday.

THE LUGGAGE BY VUITTON

THE FACTEUR BY HIMSELF

THE LADY BY LELONG

THE PICTURE BY CHARLES MARTIN

Travel has gone fashion—and fashion has gone travel—so Harper's Bazar concerns itself with travel fashions, week-end wardrobes, luggage, and other migrating matters. Where to go? Pages and pages of thrilling travel advertisements will inspire you.

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now on the news-stand where you buy the New Yorker

JUNE brings gift problems

HERE'S Quite the Nicest Way of solving them

THE merry month of June brings with it more than roses and tootling birds—the air is filled with news of weddings and graduations.

Quite the nicest way of saying "Good Luck" or "I'm awfully glad" is to offer a gift—we suggest Wallace Silver or Wallace Pewter.

The Bride—any bride—will always remember that your name is spelled with two 't's' if you give the smart Rhythm Tea or Coffee Service or the knives, forks and spoons in the same pattern.

For girl graduates here is a selection of three lovely patterns in sterling hand mirrors. There's also a handy brush in sterling for masculine graduates—the kind of brush that goes along with them on Pullman journeys.

Of course, only a few of the many Wallace pieces are shown here—the rest await you at the better New York City jewelers and silverware departments.

WALLACE CLUB SETS . . . *A handy gift for a man—the Piccadilly Hair Brush (illustrated) and Comb of Sterling Silver in handsome brown leather case $19.50*

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"ALWAYS ME"

femme du jour
"WOMAN OF THE DAY"

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"hats in the *spanish* manner"

mme. agnes sends us a complete
collection of her newest inspirations•••

the sombrero hat•••the pompom hat•••
the velvet beret•••the cordiliero
hat•••the sailor hat•••above all
the flattering little lace hat
of hand-crocheted linen.

atelier de paris—third floor

saks-fifth avenue

new york chicago

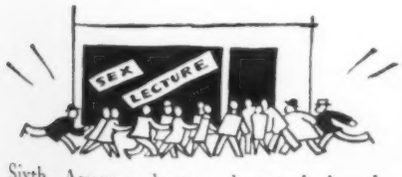
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IF one could see through the modern gentleman, right clear through to his underwear, the sight would be most agreeable. Our blades and our beaux are beginning to revolt against

the dullness of modern male attire. At first they are doing it sub rosa—or, one might say, sub pantaloon—by wearing gaudy underthings, gay spotted effects, plum shirts, scarlet drawers, striped and ribanded ensembles. Their rebellion pops through, here and there, and one sees hats of green and purple, belts of Scotch plaid. Red shoes for men are just around the corner, too, we have heard on good authority. Obviously our modern males have discovered that they are not attractive to women merely by reason of sex alone—and this is their answer. For half a century masculinity has been notable chiefly for its drabness. Our fancy runs on ahead, and we see, in these recent manifestations, the ultimate return of the chivalric days—the beplumed knight again in our midst, purple hose, scarlet doublets (or at any rate duels fought in athletic underwear, the duelists wearing B.V.D.'s of their ladies' colors).

SINCE the Mary Ware Dennett case was tried, two store rooms in



Sixth Avenue have changed hands. One now features sex literature, the other sex lectures. One was formerly a hardware store, the other a luncheonette.

COMMISSIONER WHALEN has at last made himself manifest. He has till now been variously regarded as a small boy running to fires, the nemesis of the Rothstein case, the boutonnière in Mayor Walker's civic buttonhole, traffic genius, advertising expert, strong-arm chief. All wrong. He is a romantic. Nobody but an ingrained and irrecoverable romantic would have clapped those new caps on the police. In the days of Big Bill Devery, helmets like beehives helped

stop brickbats; later someone introduced the military visor; now Whalen's finest are seen in an ultra-swagger *képi* with a still more military facial angle to it. The intent is obvious: a police force trig, alert, swagger, inspiring awe and admiration—as their chief used to inspire awe and admiration in the hearts of New York's incoming visitors. So the romantic, eyeing the cap, would envisage the result. But wait! Let us look for one moment at the whole scene! Let us let the eye rove downward from the cap till it encompasses the cop himself—a little paunchy, a little suffering from the heat, swinging his stick debonairly in people's way as he stands against a United Cigar Store and gazes at life. Alas romanticism! Mr. Whalen must remember that, after all, there is a little bit of Postal Telegraph boy in every good little cop.

NOTE to outgoing tourists: The Guaranty Trust Company has moved from 1 Rue des Italiens. It is now in the Hotel de Coislin, 4 Place de la Concorde, corner of the Rue Royale. Notre-Dame, Café des Deux Magots, and the Luxembourg Gardens remain at their former locations.

ORDINARILY, we do not betray criminals—quite the contrary, much of our life is given to covering up our friends. But we can no longer resist telling about our favorite, our most darling, criminal, particularly since the heinous offence of which he is guilty was perpetrated quite a long time ago and will probably not seem very bad to a policeman now. Fresh from college, in the full bloom of erudition, our criminal (not a criminal then, of course) had come to New York and taken a job in an advertising agency writing mail-order copy. The fierce transition from Shelley and Keats to blurbs incorporating all the known principles of attention-getting, appetite-appeal, and anti-sales-resistance saddened the young man and he went into a decline and finally resigned. One day he took to reading over some things he had written during his period of servitude and was suffused with a strong feeling of

shame and revulsion. Acting on impulse, he seized some small shears, rushed to the Public Library, procured all the magazines in which his ads had appeared, and quietly snipped them out.

Mr. Mellon and Mr. Mallon

PAUL MALLON, the press correspondent who caused the stir in Wash-

ington by publishing a secret senatorial roll call, is a member of the White House Correspondents Association which every year gives a dinner for the President and other dignitaries. This year, Secretary Mellon was one of the guests. Mr. Mallon—the correspondent—was one of the hosts. During the course of the dinner, a servant touched Secretary Mellon on the shoulder and whispered that he was wanted urgently on the phone. He was escorted to a booth. A woman's voice asked if this was Paul Mallon. The Secretary said no, it was Andrew Mellon. "Well, that's okay," pursued the lady, "if you'll take a message for Mr. Mallon. Tell him that everything is ready for the party as soon as he can get away. Say it won't be necessary for him to bring liquor, because the bootlegger has been around—and tell him hurry up." She then hung up. People generally may like to know that Mr. Secretary Mellon sought out Mr. Mallon and solemnly discharged the commission.

Daine's Device

AN automatic ticker-board for brokers' offices is the latest thing —or it was at the moment of writing, anyhow. One—the first to be installed—is in operation at Sutro & Company's in Forty-fourth Street. The three young men who used to chalk up quotations there are gone, like musicians before the movietone. The new board is worked from an office down at 480 Canal Street by an operator at a keyboard. He transmits the latest quotations and they flash on the board miles away in numbers that are neater than the board boys' were. A hundred quotations a minute can be registered. They say the boards will come into general use.

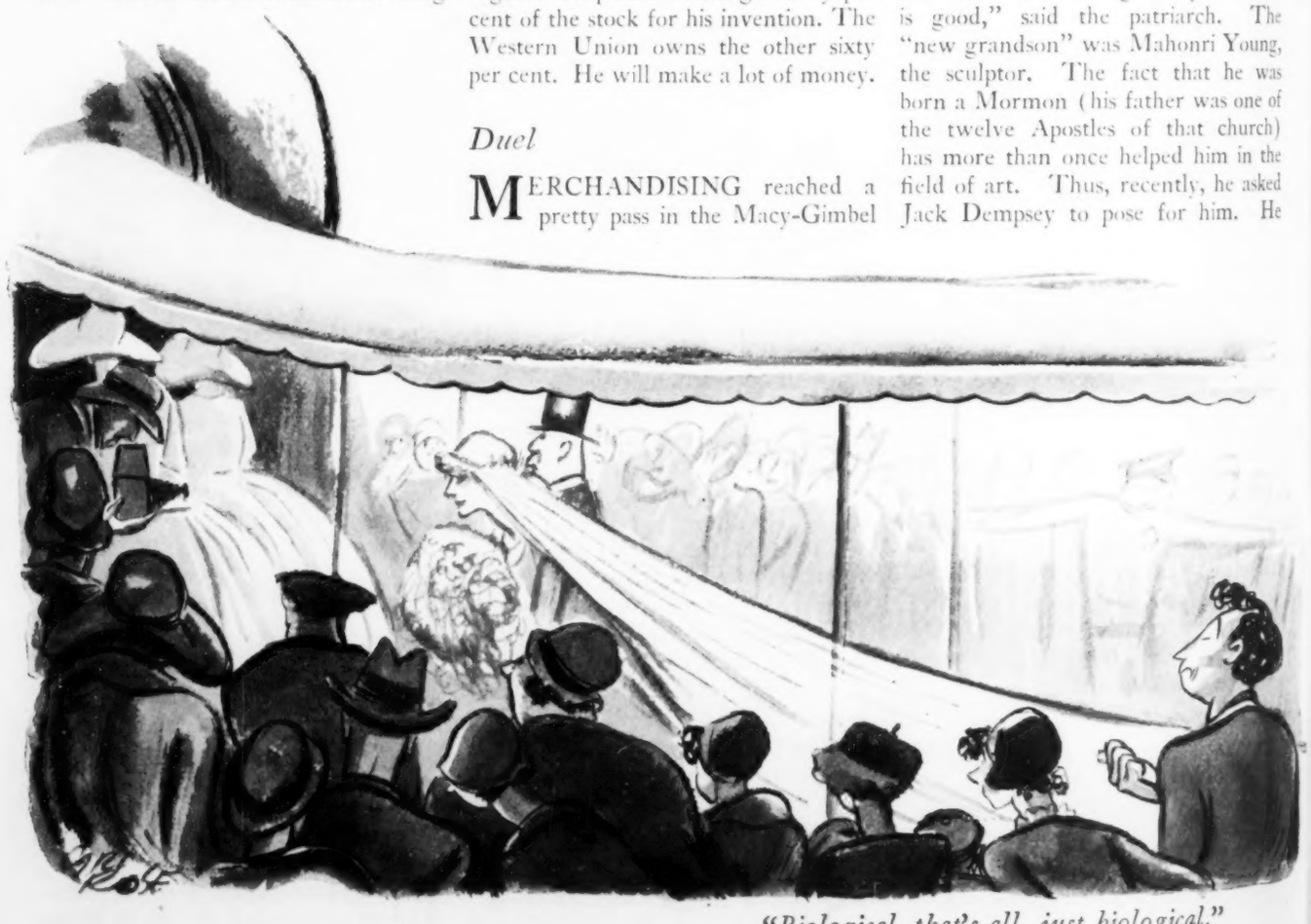
The inventor is a Frenchman, one Robert Daine, who worked five years perfecting the device. He calls it the Teleregister. He came to this country seven years ago to negotiate a loan for a French concern. He caught the American fever and never went back. Wall Street fascinated him. He learned English, went in for golf, motoring, and flying, and eventually went to live high in the Ritz Tower. He is more than six feet tall, unusual for a Frenchman, and was an aviator during the war, winning eight or nine decorations. He is president of the Teleregister Corporation and got forty per cent of the stock for his invention. The Western Union owns the other sixty per cent. He will make a lot of money.

Duel

MERCHANDISING reached a pretty pass in the Macy-Gimbel sector recently, an efficiency expert tells us. Macy's announced a coolie-coat sale, at $6.49 the coolie-coat. Gimbel's, having peered across the street, next day priced the same article in their stock at $5.98. Macy's sent over a spy, verified this, and undercut this price. Gimbel's slashed, Macy's slashed under them. This went on until Gimbel's reached a new coolie-coat low, at $2.32. Thereupon, Macy's strategy department sent over a flock of buyers who bought up all the Gimbel coolies at the $2.32 figure. Next day Macy's, having practically all the coats in that neighborhood on their own shelves, went back to the original price of $6.49. It was the most exciting time since the old Modern Library war between the two stores, when for a brief while the little masterpieces could be bought by Jersey housewives at forty-three cents apiece.

Sculptor

AS he lay dying, Brigham Young turned weakly to one of his sons and asked how the "new grandson" was getting on; they told him mother and child were doing nicely. "That is good," said the patriarch. The "new grandson" was Mahonri Young, the sculptor. The fact that he was born a Mormon (his father was one of the twelve Apostles of that church) has more than once helped him in the field of art. Thus, recently, he asked Jack Dempsey to pose for him. He



"Biological, that's all, just biological."

is now modelling a series of boxers. The ex-champion was lukewarm until an idea struck him. "You aren't related to Brigham Young, are you?" he demanded. Mahonri said he was. "Well, look here," said Dempsey. "Not many people know it, but I'm a Mormon myself. Sure, I'll pose for you."

Mr. Young has never been active in the church his grandfather headed. His family wanted him to get a conventional education and to become an elder in the church, but as a boy he was more interested in carving things out of wood. He did go so far as to enroll in high school but after one algebra lesson he walked out on the whole thing, determined to be an artist. He worked at various jobs, saving money, and modelling in clay in his odd time. When Brigham Young's estate was settled, after long delays, he received two hundred and eighty dollars. With this and his savings he set out for Paris. After four years of study his first exhibition was held. Since then his work, both in painting and sculpture, has been uniformly successful. In preparing the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he was chosen as the authority to write on Modelling.

His interest in boxers dates from the early years in Paris. In those days he was something of a boxer himself, until one day, in a friendly bout at the old American Artists' Club, he broke his thumb on Leo Stein's head. Thereupon, Leo Stein became an art collector, and Mahonri went back to art. He makes dozens of sketches, at the ringside and in the training camps, and his studio in Fifty-ninth Street is an arena, packed with little clay fighting figures, from which he draws the material for his larger groups. In the midst of these, at the present moment, stands a monumental composition which he intends as a birthday gift for John Held, Jr., who used to live in the block next him in Salt Lake City. It is a kind of apotheosis of a barnyard—rakes, horses, farm wagons in a heap—with Held himself perched on top of it all. It is intended for Held's farm in Connecticut.

Transatlantic Race

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER Clarke, U. S. N., was the American observer on board the dirigible Graf Zeppelin on its unfinished flight. His wife, who was also in Europe then, booked passage on the Rochambeau, sailing several days before the Zeppelin started. Since the couple had a joint passport, this presented a difficulty. It was decided that the husband should retain the document, since his airship would get to America before the liner. He would then meet his wife at the pier with the passport. Of course this didn't work out at all. It required a special letter sent up hastily to the French docks to permit Mrs. Clarke to land. Old sea captains have been chuckling.

Hora Serena

MOST radio hours which advertise food products and such are distinguished by "signatures." (This

"Such a heavenly night I spent in your bed."

from our radio spy.) Signatures are musical selections played at the beginning and close of each program. The constant repetition of the various themes serves to identify the manufacturers and merchants in a charming manner. Thus the A & P Gypsies are introduced by a very popular tune called "Three Guitars," and the Littman Dress Company Hour starts off with "My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown."

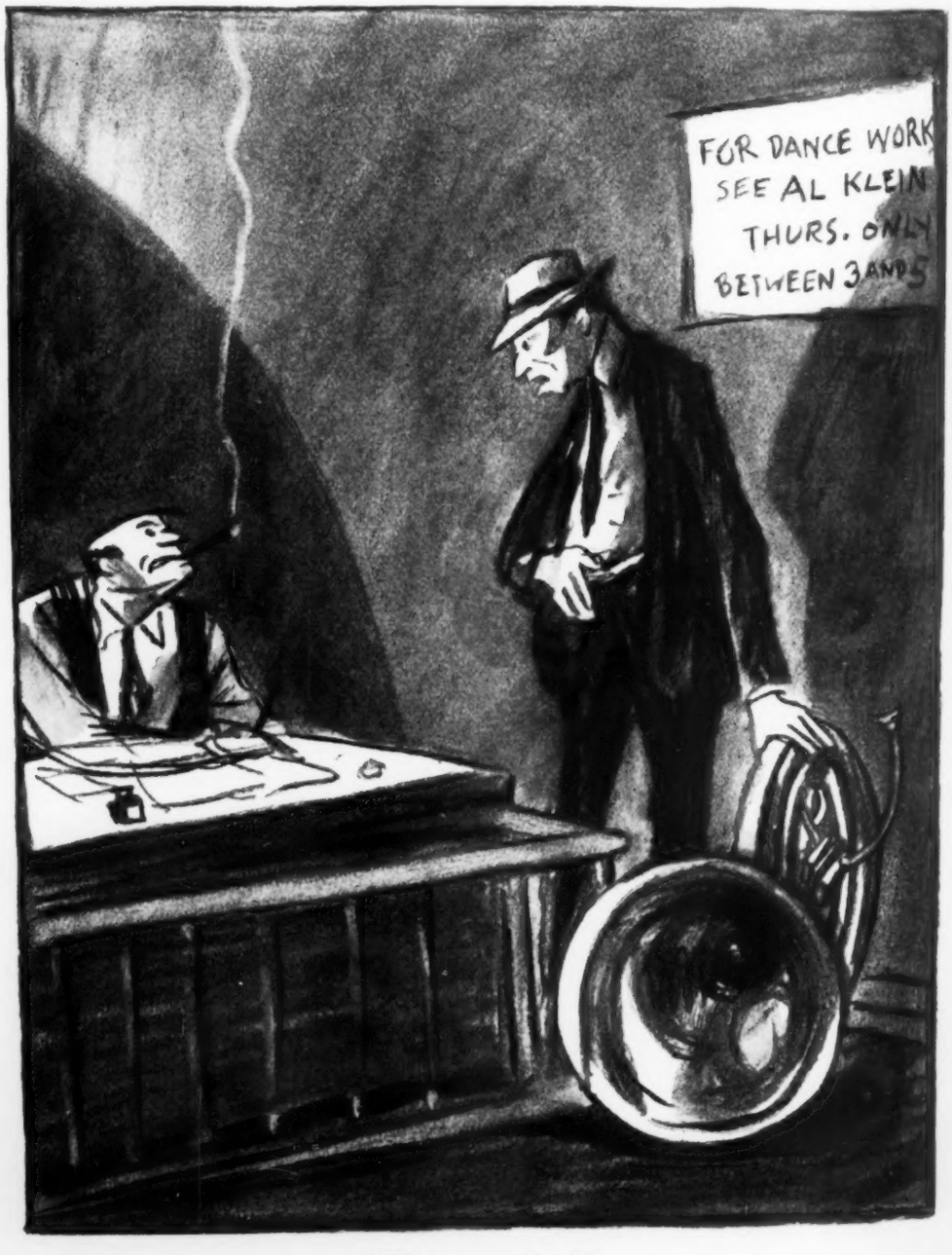
A visitor at one of the studios, having been made familiar with this thematic scheme, was puzzled by the introduction to the Fisher Body radio program during the General Motors Hour. It was "Comin' Through the Rye." Seeing no connection between old Scotch folk songs and automobiles, he asked the gentleman in charge just where the relation came in. The latter replied by graciously and solemnly quoting the opening line, "If a Body meet a Body."

Washington Square North

MANY people, having come to regard as immutable the fine row of fashionable old homes in Washington Square North, were shocked by the appearance of a for-sale sign on No. 23. There is, in fact, quite a degree of immutability even here, for the property itself is not for sale, only a leasehold. This house, along with No. 22, next door, belongs to Mr. L. Gordon Hamersley and he does not intend to surrender the title.

Park Avenue has sprung up, Fifth Avenue has been revolutionized, all New York has been in a foment of development, but only three full transferals of property have been made in Washington Square North in this century. Fifteen years ago four houses changed hands, and ten years ago Mr. George E. Chisholm bought Nos. 26, 27, and 28, the three sites farthest west, where an apartment house now stands. Since then the staunch old line has remained impregnable. The largest property owners are Sailors' Snug Harbor, whose title on the first twelve numbers goes back to 1801, and the Rhinelander Estate, from No. 14 through 21 (except No. 19, which belongs to Mrs. Albert R. Shattuck). Rodman Wanamaker lived at No. 12 for years but could not purchase it from the ancient owners, and his daughter, Mrs. Munn, lives there now merely as a tenant. The only other property owner we haven't named is Mrs. Catherine L. H. Drayton, who has Nos. 24 and 25. There never was a No. 13.

We have already had occasion before to mention one of the tenants, Miss Alice Delano Weekes, who alone maintains the once general and charming custom of going for a drive in her brougham behind a pair of horses daily at a set hour. She has been a familiar of the north side of the square for years; but so have most of the other residents. Most of the houses—not counting those that have been remodelled into walk-up apartments or two-family buildings—have been occupied by the same family for twenty-five years or more. The distinction of occupying No. 1 belongs to Mr. W. A. W. Stewart. His next-door neighbor, at No. 2, is Mr. David Rumsey. These gentlemen are not only neigh-



"Whattaya—hot?"
"Naw—sweet."

bors at home, but also in business. Mr. Rumsey has his offices at 44 Wall Street and Mr. Stewart at 45 Wall Street.

Other tenants who have helped to keep up the long-residence tradition are Louis Stewart, Jr., Charles W. Gould, John R. Morron, Robert W. de Forest, John H. Bennett, Herbert Johnson, Mrs. Robert R. Livingston, Dr. Edward H. Peaslee, Sir Edgar Speyer, Mrs. John H. Davis, and Victor Salvatore, the sculptor.

The houses are of course notable for the great care with which they have been preserved. On the first-floor window sills of several of them are still displayed the original thermometers put out years ago when it was the fashion to display them.

Out of the West

HOLLYWOOD ANECDOTE: An artist was submitting to a movie producer his water-color sketches for the sets to be used in filming a South Sea epic. The latter had gone over them carefully, and then, with a frown, had thumbed them irritably through a second time. "Look here," he said. "You've left out the most important one of all. Where's the sketch for the drawing-room of the pearl mine?"

In connection with Hollywood, a novelist recently returned from there after writing scenarios relates that the small and innocent daughter of one of the directors asked him how long he would remain. He told her he would be there a month or two and then, making conversation, asked her how long she would be there. "Oh," she said, "we're going to stay till it closes."

The Red Gods Call

IN telling about the Explorers' Club a few weeks ago, we mentioned that its members foresaw no immediate dearth of places to explore. There's a great stirring around up there now. Several expeditions are on foot.

Mr. Harold Noice, ethnologist, plans to sail completely around North America, up by the magnetic pole somewhere, gathering data on meteors, glaciers, ethnology. He'll be gone two years. Captain Bob Bartlett will sail any day now for the Arctic, to be away four months. He'll take talking movies of Esquimaux—openly, if they don't know what they are, stealthily if they do. Mr. Gene Lamb, of New York and Philadelphia, is going to try to climb Mt. Everest (still unclimbed). He'll start as soon as he gets financial backing. Mr. William J. Morden is planning to traipse into North Asia, for the Museum of Natural History and the Soviet government—a relationship which we didn't know had been cemented. Captain John Noel and Mr. Walter Wood, under cover of the warm weather, will seek to map a large and little-known area of the Himalayas. They may climb Kinchinjunga (about five miles high). Mr. Donald A. Cadzow goes next month into the Canadian Northwest, for the British Museum and the Cambridge University Museum, object anthropological research, birds. Mr. Ernest Schoedsack, who turned the camera crank for "Grass" and "Chang," is browsing around the club's library now, thumbing travel books, studying maps. He hopes to find a practically inaccessible place to visit soon. The Explorers' library, incidentally, is one of the largest in the world on exploration and related subjects—ten thousand volumes.

As to financing expeditions, Mr. Kersting, one of the club's secretaries, says millionaires do not always have to be approached, but sometimes come forward of their own accord and offer to back explorations. Right now, he says, is a good time for such gentlemen to phone Trafalgar 2288.

In All His Glory

MR. MORTON WILD, of the Inwood Country Club, played golf in the South during the early spring and had a colored caddy named John Luther Burke who coveted Mr. Wild's golfing cap and found opportunity to mention it tactfully. Upon leaving, Mr. Wild presented the hat to John Luther, saying: "You've *got* something there, John; that cap cost twenty-five dollars."

"What make dat cap cost twenty-five dollahs?" asked the youth, in awe. Mr. Wild disclosed the inside of the cap, revealing a foreign label and a radiant silk lining of gold, green, blue, and red. He explained that this was why the cap cost so much.

Mr. Wild returned North and a few days ago received a letter from a companion who remained in the South. It read in part: "By the way, that caddy of yours is not so honest as you thought. He managed to swipe the cap you wore down here. He is endeavoring to hide its identity from us by wearing it inside out."

Human Interest Story

THIS anecdote about Paderewski comes from Nice, where he played not long ago. After the concert, a young Pole who wore thick glasses groped his way to the artist's side and introduced himself. He was Albert Tadlewski, partially blinded in the war, teacher of the piano. The famous pianist had heard of Tadlewski, who had had a successful concert season in the European capitals interrupted by an attack of typhoid fever. He was convalescing in Nice, making a little money at teaching. Scorning more impressive escorts, Paderewski left the concert hall with the young man. They turned into Tadlewski's modest villa in a side street. There Paderewski ordered the other to play something. At its conclusion, *"Continuez!"* said the master. Then he listened to the youthful genius for more than two hours.

"Good!" exclaimed the maestro, when the concert was ended. "I shall return from Paris in a month to play for your pupils, and you will spend the summer with me in Switzerland—on one condition."

"Yes?" murmured the trembling teacher.

"That you double your prices afterward."

Tadlewski has doubled his prices, for Paderewski kept his word, came back to play for the young man's pupils and to hear them play. He acclaimed their instructor a very great teacher. People heard of it and were glad to pay extra to have their children under the tutelage of a man Paderewski endorsed.

Profession

A SPEAKEASY which specializes in German lager, such as it is, employs what is known there as a *tod-schmecker*. This is German for "death-taster." The *schmecker* reports that one keg of beer in every four has to be sent back to the wholesaler. Not deadly, just not very good German lager. —THE NEW YORKERS

SEEING-OFF

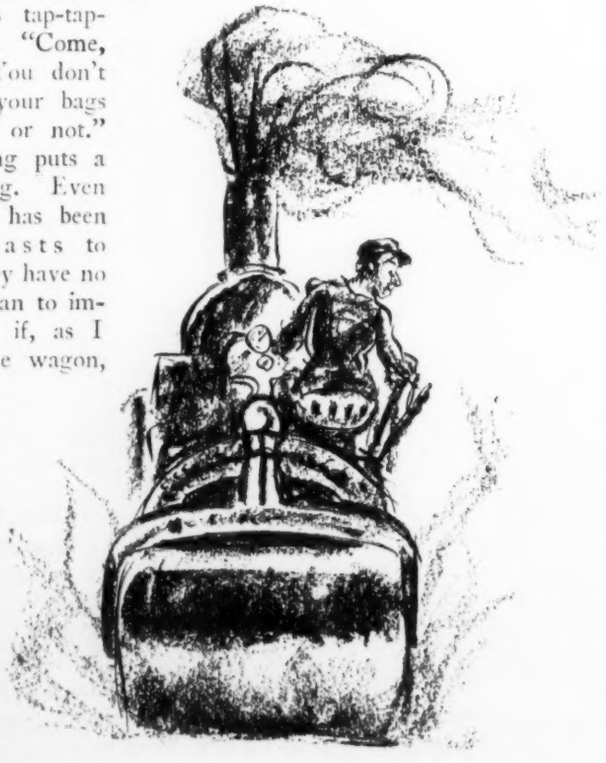
I AM sailing for Europe shortly (unless I sail on the Paris, in which case I shall probably be sailing for the sand-bar just off Staten Island) and I would like to take this way of announcing to my hundreds, nay dozens, of friends that I can do without a farewell party on sailing-night. The week before—O. K. But not on the night of sailing. I simply have *got* to sail this time.

In the first place, I am on the wagon and would just be a death's head at the feast. But it has been my experience that, drinking or not, the person who is departing, and in whose honor the ice-cream and cookies are being served, is likely to be something of a death's head anyway. He has too much on his mind.

There is the packing to be thought of. If he is any kind of person at all he has left his packing until that night. This more or less begins to prey on his mind along about nine o'clock. There is no sense in being an old woman about getting packed ahead of time, but if the ship sails at midnight, at least he ought to begin getting his bags out of the hall-closet by nine and lining them up on the floor. The thought that he hasn't done even this, while it doesn't actually drive him from the party, prevents his entering wholeheartedly into the party spirit. Somewhere in the back of his brain is that little imp who keeps tap-tap-tapping and saying, "Come, come, lazy-bones! You don't even know whether your bags are *in* the hall-closet or not." And this sort of thing puts a damper on fun-making. Even if the guest-of-honor has been drinking fulsome toasts to himself all evening, they have no effect on him other than to impede digestion. And if, as I shall be, he is on the wagon, then a more miserable man could not be found in all the countryside 'round.

But above all things he must not tell his friends that he is not yet packed. This news would at once start a huzza and a frenzied dash on the part of all present to "help good old Bob pack!" "Everybody up to Bobby's and get him packed!" This is fatal. I once sailed, after being assisted by willing hands, with a suitcase entirely filled with telephone-directories (Westchester and Long Island, with a Brooklyn and Queens tucked in to keep the others from rattling about) and a hat-box containing damp sand in which various species of crustaceans were thriving. Dear, *dear* friends! How I shall miss them this year! That is, if I have anything to say about it.

THESE farewell parties, although they are conceived in what is ostensibly a spirit of friendliness toward the traveler, usually develop a subtle antagonism toward him as the evening wears on. Instead of being the hero of the occasion he gradually becomes the patsy and everything possible is done to confuse and chagrin him. He tries to enter into the spirit of the thing, but the gesture is a weak one, and easy-going as he may be, the thought of the ride, possibly to Hoboken, which lies ahead of him, to say nothing of the little odds and ends which still remain to be done (such as getting his passport photographs taken) makes his *esprit* a rather ghastly mockery. Along about ten he looks at his watch more frequently, a tactical error which brings down a storm of ridicule from his friends.



"Oh, *you*'ve got time enough!" they scream. "Don't you worry! *We*'ll get you on the ship all right, if we have to buy it and hold it for you—won't we, boys?" And a collection is started to buy the ship and hold it until the next morning.

At about ten-thirty the victim of the entertainment, his mind as clear as a bell, realizes that he has not only to go home and pack and drive to the pier (the ship I am planning to take sails from just off Fort Hamilton, from which the light on Bishop's Rock, England, can be seen on a clear night) but that he also has to manage a good-natured crowd of merry-makers, many of whom have already started to kiss him good-bye. It is a fairly staggering prospect.

Even if he does succeed in breaking away and getting his bags packed (a supposition too silly even to consider) he has to look forward to the horror of getting on board accompanied by his little playmates. After all, he has got to stay on the ship for six days and would like to be on at least easy enough terms with the rest of the passengers so that they would not draw their feet up onto their deck-chairs as he walks past. But, as his well-wishers swarm over the sides of the ship, bowling old gentlemen over and violating the privacy of cabins adjacent to his, he realizes that the best thing for him to do will be to keep to his berth for the first three days and have his meals brought in. Otherwise he will be pointed out among the ship's company as "that man."

THERE is no place where unseemly behavior shows up more vividly than in the crowd who have come down to see a ship off. Hundreds of people milling about, some crying softly in little groups, others crying loudly at stateroom doors, families breaking up, lovers saying good-bye, mothers bidding farewell to daughters, emotional French ladies in black, sobbing subjunctives on the shoulders of what seem to be stewardesses—and into this gathering of breaking hearts barges our hero, borne on the shoulders of his light-hearted well-wishers singing "Hinky-dinky-parlay-voo!" He tries to act as if he were not with them, but they will have none of it. Down to his cabin they go with him, pushing open stateroom doors as they go past, speaking to people they do not know, turning on the taps in his washstand, snapping the lights

on and off and all piling into his bunk as a final evidence of *bonhomie*. The whole thing is very unfortunate.

He is lucky if he gets them all out of his room before the ship sails. Several may have to go off with the pilot. There is something terrifying about the unanimity with which all seeing-off parties decide to stay right there in the room and "sail with good old Benny." "We could get clothes from the steward," they say, "or even wear our evening-clothes all the way over." Considering the number of times this whimsical suggestion has been made, it gets a surprisingly big laugh at each offering. And, for a time, it looks as if they really meant to go through with it. Stewards come and plead in vain for them to go ashore. Horns blow, whistles moan, gongs bang, but all to no effect. "We've got plenty of time yet," seems to be the consensus of opinion. "They always blow those things an hour before they really sail." And there is another song and another toast drunk out of soap-dishes and another suggestion that they sail with good old Benny and wear their evening-clothes all the way across. The best way for the departing member to handle them is to say that he has decided not to sail after all, get off the boat and lure them with him. Then he can suddenly turn and run back after getting half way down the pier and, if he is lucky, be pulled in with the gangplank.

And that is why, my good friends, I would rather stumble, a solitary, sobbing figure, on board my ship when it sails, with no cheering words of good-bye, no hearty handclasps of friendship, no memory of affectionate toasts ringing in my ears. It is better so. I am a lonely man, and lonely will I put out to sea.

—Robert Benchley

•

ERRATA. Through an error in correcting proof, the scientific name of the water thyme, *Philotria canadensis*, is wrongly applied in this article to the bladderwort, instead of the correct name, *Utricularia vulgaris*, in the captions on pages 503 and 507.—*Natural History Magazine*.

Carelessness like that is simply inexcusable.

UPON LOOKING AT AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR WOMEN'S SPORT WEAR

Oh, sometimes I am lonely for
The sort of clothes that ladies wore
Those thirty years ago when I
Was small enough to kick and cry,
And yell and scream and beat my head
Upon the floor—for ginger-bread!

And sometimes I've the luck to see,
On women over fifty-three,
A wistful hint of those far days
When females smiled, secure in stays!
When hair was dragged up soberly
And coiled upon the crown.

And tea
Was drunk from egg-shell cups, and cake
Was marble-veined with chocolate.

The belt where hung a chatelaine!
The waist severely starched and plain
Except for tucks! The woollen skirt
Well fortified against the dirt
By inside ruffles round the hem.
(Oh, I could weep to think of *them!*)

The shiny buttoned boots with tips
Of patent leather! Sleeves like ships
With all sails set; and petticoats
As durable as wooden boats!

Oh, sometimes I am homesick for
The satisfying days of yore;
No boyish form makes me forget
The 1890 silhouette!

—Patience Eden

"Pardon, Mrs. Wimpole, the book of the month is here."

So You Want a Little Ho

1. Very likely you have often said to your husband - "Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a little house in the country!"

2.

"We could go to Westport - where it's so artistic but looks like the country."

5.

Another says - "Why not go to Wilton? That's really the country and besides - John Erskine lives there."

6.

So a very nice real estate lady tells you of a "dear little house" in Wilton - very secluded and remote.

Eventually something appears on the horizon.

9.

Yes, it is more than likely the "dear little house" in the country.

10.

tle House in the Country!

3.

But a friend says – "My Dear! Don't go to Westport – it's jammed with the most dreadful people in summer. Why don't you go to Silvermine?"

4.

Another says – "But you can't go to Silvermine. A real estate agent in New Canaan told me it was filled with mosquitoes!"

7.

(As it proves to be.) "He said two turns to the left and half a mile ahead. It ought to be here."

8.

You get some more instructions and push on a few miles further.

11.

So back to the Post Road and home.

12.

Well, plant a geranium and an ageratum in your window box and wait for the heat wave!

TRUCE

BY these you may know the young: by the unsteady breath,
By eyes enlarged with tears for love's fallow season,
By the flowers they wear that had no root in reason,
But chiefly by their feud with time and death.

Youth's heart is hot as it were a phœnix nest,
With burning plumage from whose ashes rising
Are joys and terrors past the sober mind's devising,
But terror of time flames fiercer than the rest.

Youth being done, the heart learns how to bear
The confronted darkness: never the sun's bright legions
Are called to succor those in polar regions
Whom night that lasts a winter cannot scare.

Youth being done, the tears and the burning are slaked.
Small memorial rests of the feud that was so savage.
For look, there is no more for time to ravage,
And truce is sworn, on the field that death has raked.

—BABETTE DEUTSCH

• •

TREADING WHERE THE SAINTS HAVE TROD

IT is at best a fatiguing and a thorny path that leads to the altar, but life will deal more cruelly than ever with you if you are to be married in this shameless season. You girls, who must shop in the wake of Anne Morrow, my heart goes out to you.

Enter any door in Fifty-seventh Street and you will have an inkling of your fate. You want—let us say—a travelling costume. The *vendeuse* will assure you, with that combination of intimacy and condescension which is bred only in the perfectly correct emporia, that "Miss Morrow was here yesterday and selected this very ensemble. Since so much flying is done in cabin planes these days, one can wear the same clothes one does for travelling in trains."

It avails nothing for you to assert your individuality and state boldly that you yourself have never flown, you are in fact far from air-minded, and that since your prospective husband gets deathly sick in any swiftly moving vehicle you will probably take a walking tour by way of a honeymoon. The *vendeuse* is sorry in a chilly way: "It is an unusually good model. Not one that you will see copied for thirty-nine-fifty. Miss Morrow was so pleased with it."

Then there will be the matter of the cake. The impeccably turned out gentleman who has been making wedding cakes for over ninety years will know exactly what you want. He is doing something most unusual for the Morrow wedding. Since, doubtless, none of the same guests will be present at both functions it would be possible—indeed, he would be delighted—to duplicate it for you. And then, tragedy incarnate! He will produce a sketch of the very cake you have dreamed of since you were ten! If you are a girl of any spirit you will turn on your solid-leather heel and leave the place at once.

You have promised yourself one treat. Aunt Carrie has crashed through with a munificent cheque for the flat silver. You start out gaily to select it, taking a day's rest from fittings for the wedding dress—"the train is just what Lindy's fiancée has on hers, dearie, my girl friend works at the place where they are making it and she let me have a peep last night"—thus the fitter. All goes merrily until the super-salesman, unctuous as an undertaker, drops the fatal words: "I should advise the engraved pattern. Ambassador Morrow's daughter chose it. She thought it just the thing Colonel Lindbergh would like to see on his table."

Well, God knows, it isn't your fault you aren't marrying the Flying Colonel, but since you aren't, and since it is not likely that he will ever put his legs under your Duncan Phyfe, you can see no reason why you should invest several hundred dollars in his favorite pattern.

SUPPOSING you survive this strain? What then? Yes—what then?—you will only live to endure worse. The day will come when your wedding slippers will be sent home. Classic white satin, but with fingermarks that even your weary eye must acknowledge are a blemish and which your maid of honor—chosen for her ability to wear clothes rather than her ability to overlook defects in your appearance

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS COPS

When Roosevelt was Commissioner, Patrolman Michael Cahill, Shield No. 321, who gazes hawklike from the tower at Times Square, was known as Battle Axe. This was because he chewed tobacco of that name.

—would never stand for. Full of righteous indignation you take them back. The salesman will insist that he sold Miss Morrow the identically same pair and that hers were even more fingermarked. He is confident that nobody will notice it.

"Young man," you retort in a dangerously icy manner, "that may be very well for Anne, but me, I am not marrying America's sweetheart. I expect to be noticed at my wedding."

But this is not all; the K. O. comes when the man you thought you loved arrives in great spirits one evening and breaks the news: "I ordered the bridesmaids' bouquets today, dearest. Those girls will get an eye-opener when they see them! The florist promised to make exact copies of the ones that go to Lindy's wedding."

DON'T tell me, I know how it is. I've been through it. Wasn't I married two weeks after Abby Rockefeller? —EDITH NEISSER

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE President has appointed ten lawyers and a schoolmarm to find out what makes us act the way we do. The net result, we believe, will be that every member of the Hoover eleven will win his "H."

•

Many theories, all wrong, have been advanced as to the imprisonment of Al Capone. The truth is that Philadelphia is a strong believer in protecting home industries against foreign competition.

•

Complaint is made in Cambridge that Harvard students throw lighted cigarettes out of the windows upon the population. Some enterprising manufacturer will now tell us what brand it is a pleasure to be burned by.

•

Major General Gilchrist, chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, went to Cleveland to study the poison gas that caused the hospital tragedy. It was felt that civilized nations might find here a splendid new way to exterminate each other.

•

Communists may jeer and merchants complain, but we are delighted to see the police parade revived. There ought to be one day in every year when our constabulary can be observed in motion.

"It's a lousy picture."

•

After their trying ordeal, the passengers of the Graf Zeppelin had to submit to the nuisance of baggage examination. Customs differ but customs officers are all alike.

•

In the mimic air war over Ohio, the initial victory was claimed by both sides. They make these things so realistic now!

•

In New York, so a municipal booklet claims, a baby is born every four minutes and six seconds. The statistics, of course, include Brooklyn, where biology is illegal.

•

What with magazine articles and the insurance game and all Mr. Coolidge is doing very well by himself these days, but it would scarcely be respectful to refer to this matter as the Cal gold rush.

•

The acquittal of Hoffman on the fourth trial brings to an end another era in the life of our town. The next old landmark to be razed will be John F. Hylan.

•

The railroads have won the greatest lawsuit in history and it begins to look as if all they would get out of it is a famous victory.

•

We do not care to add to the troubles of Des Moines University, but it strikes us that Elmer Gantry could sue somebody for plagiarism.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

PROFILES

REALTOR

Fred F. French

EVEN when he was a boy, Fred French knew pretty well what he was aiming for. There was one day in 1898, a hot June day, and he was sitting, a scrawny, long-legged youngster of fourteen, with a crowd of other boys in the auditorium at Horace Mann School, waiting for the examination in the Pulitzer prize scholarship to begin. He wanted to win that scholarship; it carried four years' free tuition at Horace Mann and four years at college (if he won he intended to go to Princeton) and it would be a long step forward toward the goal he had set himself. He wanted to own a large house, surrounded by acres of green land, on the Hudson.

In those days the French family lived far out in the Bronx, and they were very poor. The father had recently died; he had been a cigar salesman and an unprosperous one, spending too much time puttering around with crank inventions. "He failed because he neglected to apply himself," the son has said. Upon Fred, the eldest child, had fallen the responsibility of helping his mother keep the other three children alive.

It was a stiff struggle. He peddled newspapers, mowed lawns. Even his games were marred by the preoccupation of poverty; he got up a kid's circus, charged a penny a seat and made eleven cents, and the best thing he could think of to buy with the money was a loaf of bread for the family. Hard days indeed, but he could always console himself, thinking of his mansion on the Hudson. It would stand, perhaps, somewhere along Riverside Drive. It would have green lawns and wide, ornamented porches, and he would live there, wealthy and contented.

HE won the Pulitzer prize, and he went to Princeton, but within a year he had left college; he was travelling "dead-head" across the country. He wound up in Mexico, working on a ranch. His mother was still in New York; he wrote back to her, telling how busy he was. "Next subject is my work. . . . Eat, sleep, and work is my program, and it suits me exactly. I get up with the sun and right after breakfast go off to work. . . ."

What, besides work, he expected to find on this adventure no one now can say except Mr. French, and perhaps even he has forgotten the glimmering essential. At any rate, he was soon back in New York again, studying engineering at Columbia, working the rest of the time. He had all sorts of jobs; he worked at the Hudson Terminal, he bossed a gang of laborers building the White Plains reservoir.

Between jobs he roamed the pavements, usually broke, often hungry. Sundays, he would walk along Riverside Drive, by this time thickly built with the bulky mansions of moneyed men, and his mind would be going over the great problem of the baffled ambitious young man. Why hadn't he got on? Why wasn't he making money? In those days he was earning sometimes seventy dollars a month and usually less. But he swore he would have that house on the Hudson. By the time he was forty he would have it. His fortieth birthday came just after he had moved into his new home, a cottage on the roof at 1010 Fifth Avenue—a fifteen-story building engineered, owned, and managed by his own companies. A charming place, with a private gym, a beautiful roof-garden, glass-enclosed, and a splendid view out over the Park. But French himself found his pleasure in something that others, unless he reminded them, were apt to overlook. He had discovered, quite by accident, that if one looked from the parapet—across the Park, through a rift in the skyscrapers beyond—one might see, twinkling far away, the waters of the Hudson!

He celebrated his fortieth birthday, as any true businessman should, by a hard day's work at the office. But, later that day, he cast back in his diary to that early ambition of his—the house on the Hudson. To some of us it may seem that his dream had been somewhat wide of fulfillment, but Mr. French could find in it nothing but a triumphant affirmative; as if a sign had been granted him, consecrating his success.

HE is, in truth, the picture of success, the very prototype of all Horatio Alger's dreams. How did he learn his trade? In the College of Hard Knocks, digging foundations, driving construction gangs, working his way up. Where was his business founded? In a cellar in the Bronx, and he paid his clerk twenty dollars a week and drew but fifteen himself, while he peddled real estate. Once under way, did he have his setbacks, his disappointments? Yes; one of his first partners—a former missionary to Alaska, a man he trusted—turned faithless and ran back to Alaska again, with all their funds. But what vow did he take, during the bankruptcy proceedings that followed? He swore he would pay back his creditors; and he did, to the last penny, though it took him thirteen years.

So he tided over the time of depression, and suddenly, in the rush of building that followed the war, success came; it was almost as if it had exploded in his face. He had apartment houses up and down Park Avenue, in Fifth Avenue and elsewhere, and as his projects pyramided his companies multiplied. He formed the Fred F. French Investing Company to buy sites, the Fred F. French Construction Company to build his houses. He had his own architects and engineers, and his own Fred F. French Management Company to run the buildings when erected: he integrated every step of the real-estate business into one profit-taking whole.

This culminated in the construction of Tudor City, the apartment group

whose large electric sign winks nightly down over Forty-second Street from the heights along the East River. This was the "maddest" undertaking of them all. As with most of his enterprises, it had been glorified in his mind until it almost assumed the character of a Crusade, to provide better living conditions for his fellow citizens. Men could walk to work in the morning. Children could play in the community gardens, out in the open air. Tudor City would make it possible for one hundred thousand people to live happier, healthier lives. A stranger, hearing this, pointed out that his figures erred: Tudor City could not possibly house more than ten thousand people. Ten thousand, then; he went plunging ahead. And the hundred-million-dollar towers of Tudor City rose, to fill one more crevice in the jagged skyline of New York.

FRED F. FRENCH—the second initial, by the way, stands for Fillmore—founded his success in those postwar days of efficiency experts, sales charts, get-together conferences and pep meetings, when business was conducted in a spirit drawn half from the football game and half from the camp meeting. And now, every morning, in a special auditorium in the French Building at 551 Fifth Avenue, the sales force of the Fred F. French Company gathers to listen to the words of the founder. The doors are locked by one of the vice-presidents precisely at nine o'clock—those who arrive late must wait outside: they press against the shut doors, straining to catch the words—while Mr. French steps to the rostrum and talks.

Usually his lectures have little actually to do with selling; they deal with the more intangible assets of success. Learn to smile, he will say: "Stand before your bathroom mirror and practice smiling for ten minutes in the morning and at night. . . . Get smiling into your system. . . ."

He is muscular, broad-shouldered, tall—he stands six feet two inches—he has the football build, and the young men, serious young men fresh from Harvard and Princeton seeking the key to attainment, decide to practice smiling.

His voice can be soft and persuasive, but he knows how to make it thunder on occasion, and he knows also the effect its thundering will have on the listener. "The best example for a sales talk is the life of Jesus Christ!" he proclaims. "He was the best salesman of all time. He said, 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you.' What he meant was, 'Keep knocking until the door is opened and if it isn't opened pretty soon, kick down the door!' " The other young men, locked outside the doors of the auditorium, listen gravely.

WORK is the secret of success. At the age of thirty-five, he wrote in his diary, "Still working like H—!" and in his talks he preaches the same gospel. "It is to hard, persistent effort that I attribute whatever success I may have attained."

Sometimes, at the end of his talks, he distributes pamphlets among the men, containing reprints of famous inspirational essays. One morning before beginning work, each salesman received a copy of Elbert Hubbard's "Message to Garcia;" another day they were directed to read William James' "Energies of Man." It was found that Elbert Hubbard sold the most stock.

He has another organ for his opinions in *The Voice*, a monthly magazine issued by the Fred F. French Companies to their thirty thousand or more shareholders. In its columns may be found anything from a very blurred snapshot labelled "Fred F. French Sifting Ashes on Christmas Day,

"She told us to bring the sideboard first. I hope this is it."

1898," to an essay upon hunting, humility, or the importance of God.

Mr. French writes most of it himself, and it is full of tales of his early struggles. Thus he tells how once, with a mortgage due and no money to meet it, he dropped everything and spent a day at Coney Island: next day, "with sun-tanned cheeks and clear eye," he faced his creditors, who complimented him on his health and unanimously declared a moratorium. It is perhaps a little paradoxical to find, side by side with this anecdote, a sort of apologia entitled "A Defense Of Hard Labor," in which Napoleon, Porfirio Diaz, Rufus Choate, and Fred F. French are cited as "successful men, even great men, who have displayed an unusual capacity for work." Still more puzzling, as a clue to success, is the story of how French, in the early days, once borrowed five hundred dollars, getting ten dollars in cash and the rest by cheque, and then went to the old Savoy Hotel and spent the cash in one sumptuous meal—not even saving a nickel for carfare home. "I guess it made me a little lightheaded, having so much money in my pocket," he confesses.

The dining car—wine is thicker than Evian

Now, however, the lightheaded days are over. He has learned to merge his brain and body into a smooth hard-running factory, to get results. He keeps fit: often after an all-day conference he takes a party of executives home for a game of handball on his private court, and beats them. He is proud that, like Edison, he can work late, sleep little, and still beat his subordinates to the office in the morning. He keeps his desk clean; he has no sympathy for men who clutter up their desks. He won't hire women because, he says, "they can't hew to the line;" when he hires a man he drives him. Agents are sent out to buy sites as if to battle. His secretary, afraid to confess defeat, spends three months hunting for a certain book on morals which he has demanded. He mentions the notion that it would be a good idea to get up an ad in the shape of a Maltese cross, such as the Crusaders wore, and his advertising manager,

They shall not pass

It's the people you meet

"Il est dangereux
de se pencher en dehors"

BOAT TRAIN

resigned to the inevitable, prepares the advertisement and christens it in the *Times*. Its success turns out to be doubtful, but what of that? He got what he wanted.

But even the hero can have his gods. Mr. French, since youth, has cherished an admiration for Roosevelt. His idea of a vacation is a hunting trip to the North Woods; when he set out for Alaska he went fully accoutered, his rifle and hunting clothes identical with Teddy's.

ONE wall of that large, smooth-carpeted, richly furnished room at 551 Fifth Avenue, which is his office, preserves—or did until recently—an interesting reminder of his exploits afield, in a collection of photographs of himself in various postures of the hunt. Paralleling them, on the opposite wall, are photographs of Roosevelt, in similar poses. And here, seated behind his large immaculate desk, or rising to pace gesturing about the room, he reigns. His mouth is firm, stiff-cornered; he has a quick eye, blue and glinting, and above the eyes the brow rises to the high domed head, pinkly bald and gleaming in the soft glow of the indirect lighting. Here, in the office, he is impressive. Outside, some of the stern attributes of the superman drop away, and the little baffling idiosyncrasies which make of any man a paradox appear. He has a taste for elegance; he likes rich eating, yet many of his tastes are simple and his personal fortune is said to be small. He rarely goes to the theatre, because he won't pay scalpers' rates, and he won't own a car, because the garagemen might cheat him.

His wife is a cultured lady, niece of that John Winslow who commanded the Kearsarge and sank the cruiser Alabama in the Civil War. There are four children: three boys and a girl. Last summer the family took a place at Southampton and he puttered about there for a while, but he doesn't care much for bridge and similar diversions. Now he has bought a tract of one hundred and twenty-five acres at Pawling, New York, to develop into a permanent country home.

Elwood Swift, of Ohio Wesleyan, and baggage

THE success writer, rounding off the biography of Fred F. French, would find himself confronted by a plethora of happy endings.

There is not only that incident of the fortieth birthday; there are other episodes equally felicitous. The principal at Horace Mann, during his schooling there, was Virgil Prettyman. "I remember how awed I was," Mr. French has said, and he goes on to tell how, many years later, the frightened lad had risen until he found it in his power to make that same Professor Prettyman the president of one of his companies.

Similarly, Walter Rautenstrauch, Dean of Engineering at Columbia, where young Fred French studied, was made a high executive, and the superintendent of construction under whom he worked at the Hudson Terminal became one of his vice-presidents. His first venture in real estate was the purchase of the old house in 162nd Street where he had lived as a boy. The French Building today rears its massive front in Fifth Avenue, and just around the corner at 11 East Forty-fifth Street is the scene of another episode of the struggling years: he staved off starvation with a timekeeper's job there.

He is a success, and the record of his accomplishment is written in the blind magnificence of stone and steel. Yet sometimes one wonders if he may not often have been a little astonished by the tall towers he has created. If he has, this series of coincidences must have helped to reassure him.

—ROBERT M. COATES

HOW I FEEL ABOUT THINGS

I BELIEVE there are more pretty girls to be found in New York today than in any other city of the globe, though I prefer the New York of twenty years ago to the metropolis of the present.

I consider Central Park vastly inferior to Prospect Park in Brooklyn, but I catalogue Fifth Avenue among the noblest thoroughfares in the world. I know of no place in the entire city where you can buy a glass of A Number One beer.

I am of the opinion that within the next twenty-five years there will be as many airplanes hovering above the town as there were motor cars on its streets twenty-five years ago. I consider Murray Hill far and away the most charming section of New York, although, as for the most charming single street, I pin the blue ribbon on Riverview Terrace.

I regard the Broadway of Longacre Square as a slice of Coney Island moved over to Manhattan and the present Madison Square Garden about one-thousandth as romantic as that designed by Stanford White.

I like the divan seats at the Capitol movie house (but not its ballets), the traffic lights along Park Avenue on a wet winter evening, and the *escargots Valenciennes* at the Brevoort Hotel. I do not like the blocks of excavation along Eighth Avenue, the cocktails at Giuseppi's, or the subway at 5:05 P. M.

I ENJOY strolling along Henderson Place, though I should not care to live there, just as I am unable to work up much interest in any of the Harlem supper clubs.

I believe Papa Moneta's to be infinitely the best of the Italian restaurants and the West Fifty-fourth Street Night Court to be more entertaining than the Club Lido. I invariably get lost every time I visit the Public Library.

I am deeply moved by the view from the top of the Metropolitan Tower, but am left wholly frigid by the magnitude of the Yankee Stadium.

I have passed many a Sunday in midsummer in the city and prefer it by all odds to any nearby beach, swarming with raucous, picnicking families. I believe Angelo's in Pearl Street to be the best of the Spanish gastronomic retreats and Minsky's National Winter Garden the most colorful of the burlesque halls. I have visited Iceland only once.

I can spend whole afternoons browsing among the secondhand bookshops that garnish lower Fourth Avenue, but find myself looking at my watch every ten minutes each time I attend a concert at Carnegie Hall. I once climbed all the way up the arm of the Statue of Liberty, but do not care to repeat the performance.

I consider the New Court House, at the corner of Centre Street, an architectural joy, but am not a bit impressed by the Paramount structure. I consider Keen's Chop House in Thirty-sixth Street to be many times superior to Keen's Chop House in Forty-fourth Street.

I know of no first-rate restaurant in upper Broadway nor of any restaurant half as charming as the former café of Delmonico's. I am gradually losing my relish for the Flea Circus at Hubert's.

I look upon the shops in East Fifty-seventh Street as the most enticing in town, but I abominate the sight of the ex-garage supper joints that emblazon the West Fifties. I would, furthermore, rather listen to the violinist at the Château, just off Second Avenue, than to the combined bands of the Ambassador, Roosevelt, and Biltmore hotels. I prefer the Pennsylvania to the Grand Central Station.

WITH zest I recommend the new and improved taxicabs, the *confitures* and candies of Jean in Park Avenue, the view of Broadway at night from the roof of the Park Central, the cheese *soufflé* at Madeleine's in West

"He's been snooty ever since we voted him 'Most Likely to Succeed.'"

Fifteenth Street, the Parisien Café at the Hotel Lafayette, the broiled live lobsters, fresh out of the tank, at the Oyster Bay Restaurant in Eighth Avenue, the crest of the American Radiator Building at 9 P.M., the flower market beneath the Queensboro Bridge, and the imitation jewelry at Bloomingdale's.

I have used as many as nine different New York laundries in a single year and have yet to discover one that I consider entirely satisfactory.

I would rather dine at Lüchow's than at Sherry's. I would rather live in West Tenth, Eleventh, or Twelfth Streets than in any of the East Nineties. I plan, some day, to steal the milestone that graces the northwest corner of Third Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. I am always fascinated by the Five-and-Tens and could spend hours on end exploring any of them.

It is rare that when I leave the city for any length of absence I am in the least sorry to go. I am always, on the other hand, happy to return. I have never grown tired of watching the griddle-cake floppers do their window act in the sundry Childses.

I once heard, during a single stroll through the lobby of the Hotel Astor, as many as five different languages being spoken. As for delicatessen dispensaries, I prefer the Plaza to Reuben's.

I believe that from 1912 to 1915 New York had its gayest night life, and that the Café des Beaux Arts was, in its day, the gayest of the lot. I consider Third Avenue a far more interesting street than Park Avenue.

My favorite haunt for chop suey is the Far East Tea Garden in Columbus Circle.

I BELIEVE the service at the Ritz Hotel to be about the best of any Gotham hostelry, while I regard the Savoy-Plaza as the most effective architecturally. I deeply deplore the passing of the old Buckingham, the Manhattan, the Holland House, the Knickerbocker, and the Grand Union.

I am always diverted by a visit to the Aquarium or the Monkey House in Central Park. I often wonder what has become of Walter Sweeney, who ran the Cohasset Club. I like Rip's tennis courts on Avenue A.

I believe the Provincetown Playhouse to be the most uncomfortable theatre in the city and the Garrick the most charming. As for movie houses, I hand the first prize to Loew's Lexington, on the corner of Fifty-first Street.

I look upon Chinatown as three-quarters fake and am of the opinion that there are more hot doings in the Forties than in any other section. Occasionally I will drop in at the Russian Bear. I almost never take the Ninth Avenue "L."

I like the double lamb chops at Dinty Moore's in West Forty-sixth Street, but cannot go the never-ceasing rattle of cutlery. I am fetched by the appearance of certain so-called "coffee houses," but sadly disappointed in their food.

I have never put up at the Mills Hotel or lunched at the Martha Washington. I do not run around the Reservoir every morning before breakfast. I have not yet planned to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge. I have no desire to inspect Grant's Tomb.

—CHARLES G. SHAW

"Are you sure my stock just went down in sympathy?"

THE THEATRE

SPRING BLOSSOMS

AT the Shubert, "A Night in Venice" evokes the Bride of the Adriatic somewhat less vividly than it does this shopworn doxy of the Hudson.

Ted Healy, who is master of ceremonies, is free-spoken but engaging, and with the aid of the magnificent tumbling of Joe and Pete Michon, and the services of the Stevens Brothers and their bear, he manages to remove from the entertainment any of the stigma of a cultural excursion.

There are some spectacular tableaux, chief among them a Gold Plate Special which is calculated to knock your eye right out, and there are the Dodge Sisters.

The Dodge Sisters are two personable young women who apparently suffer under an ornithological obsession. Sometimes they strut about the stage like peacocks, again they skim over it like swans, and at their peak they become two white love birds in a rose tree which bears blossoms about the size of Queen Mary's hats. During this episode one of them, putting her fingers in her mouth, renders "Charmaine," and proves herself probably the only woman on any stage who can whistle baby talk.

From what I've said, you might think that "A Night in Venice" is a routine Shubert revue. It is.

IN its better moments, "Stepping Out," by Elmer Harris, at the Fulton, is farce of the most primitive kind. It's the sort of thing Charles Hoyt might have written in a careless mood, if he'd had the privilege of our current looseness.

Two big blondes think they'd better make their husbands jealous by going away for a motor trip. Their husbands, waiting only long enough to turn over all their property to their wives on advice of their lawyer, import two cinemese cuties, and all four immediately make for the swimming pool. The wives return, find the transfers of property, discover the cuties, and exit waving the papers.

The second act made me think for a moment that it was a revival of that Dresden dainty "Cradle Snatchers," but it turned out to be only a brief adaptation. The wives are dallying with two alarmed college boys when the husbands come to their cottage. The college boys are hustled into a wardrobe which the husbands are induced to help a porter remove. The first-act cuties reappear and promise the wives their testimony as divorce evidence. The lawyer, entering like a Greek chorus, tells the husbands they must get their wives to condone their faults or lose wives and property. The curtain falls on the seduction of one of the wives by her husband, a seduction made successful by a convenient thunderstorm.

The third act turns into a sociological treatise on the advisability of having children, and must have been written about a couple of other couples.

All this preposterousness is very fortunate in having

"THE LITTLE SHOW"

The cadaverous but jaunty fellow on the left is Clifton Webb, whose singing and dancing figure prominently in the intimate revue at the Music Box. On the right, Libby Holman, moanin' low and hot.

Prestige

The glory of past triumphs and the power to win fresh laurels. The word that stands for reputation based on ability, success and service.

Fit name then for the chocolates that sum up the best skill and tradition of eighty-seven years' fine candy making —Whitman's PRESTIGE CHOCOLATES.

At $2.00 a pound, Prestige Chocolates give value plus the pleasant consciousness that you are getting absolutely the finest thing of its kind. Every piece of chocolate in the package is a Prestige special. When you wish to give a very particular gift—send a Prestige.

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Whitman's

PRESTIGE
CHOCOLATES

This spring, Packard is completely attuned to the new season. Trim, jaunty and fleet of line . . . harmoniously gay and smartly turned out . . . with a world of thrilling power under its graceful hood.

See the open car as only Packard can interpret it! Roadsters, touring cars, phaetons and double duty convertibles are offered in all three models of the new Packard Eights . . . as well as superb custom-built Packards by renowned coach builders.

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
Packard Building
Broadway at 61st Street
and Broadway at Sherman Ave
(near 196th Street)

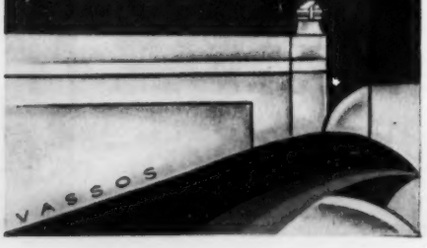
BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Ave

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD COMPANY, INC
Broadway at 106th St.

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask the man who owns one



the preposterous and hilarious Jobyna Howland grumble and roar as one of the wives. Grace La Rue is the other, and Walter Connolly and Herbert Corthell are the husbands. An over-eager young woman called Martha Sleeper plays the First Cutie, and an alluring newcomer named Lillian Bond plays the second. Hale Hamilton is the lawyer.

It's a better cast than the rowdy rumpus deserves and makes it into half an evening's worth of good, vulgar entertainment.

"'Chinese' O'Neill," by Captain Cushing Donnell, at the Forrest, is as disordered a phantasmagoria as I've seen for a long time. It depicts General O'Neill, an American, and a group of Britishers trapped in an inn in the Port of Hainan on the Chinese coast. A sinister character named Chang Kai Chang is seeking to destroy them, and with the aid of machine-guns, crowbars, and countless revolvers they endeavor to thwart him.

Because the situation of white folk beleaguered in an ill-lit Chinese inn is essentially dramatic, one can overlook the utter wildness of their activities, ignore the complete incredibility of their characters, and even stomach the development of General O'Neill's sudden love for the Honourable Nancy Beresford, for about an act. Thereafter one has to laugh, leave the theatre, or think about something else. It's rather noisy for thinking about anything else. —Charles Brackett

•

A NORTH RIVER CROSSING

Almost everything that floats:
Coastwise tramps, excursion boats,
Lighters, heavy on their haunches,
Railroad barges, private launches,
Bloated ferries, oily dories,
Elevators, seven stories—
Possibly a barkentine
Adding flavor to the scene—
A liner putting out to sea
And tugs behaving brilliantly.
—Carroll Carroll

•

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

[*Letter from The Arts, a magazine*]

Dear Subscriber: The publishers of THE ARTS, after considerable investigation with a view to rendering its readers the most complete service possible, have decided that the issues of June, July, and August will be discontinued.

Refreshing *as a breeze...*

ADVANCE bulletins from the weather bureau indicate a hot summer with cooling beverages in frantic demand. Torrid days are this season going to be easier to endure — because wherever you are, you can get a frosty black bottle of Mission Dry, the amazingly delicious new sparkling orange beverage from California — made from the juice of luscious oranges.

Bottled at the groves by California Crushed Fruit Corporation. Los Angeles New York Chicago

Available wherever choice bottled beverages are served or sold —including Gristede Bros., Park & Tilford, Charles & Co., Acker, Merrall & Condit —Bamberger in Newark.

CUSTOM-DESIGNING IS A FUNDAMENTAL PART OF LINCOLN POLICY

IN THE designing of automobile bodies, as in everything else, there is an art . . . and that art has been mastered by comparatively few men. These men are the leading custom body designers, and their skill is reflected in every car that leaves the Lincoln shops.

The sweep and grace of Lincoln bodies, their distinguished air, their luxury and comfort of appointment . . . all those qualities which in their aggregate go to make fine coachwork have been achieved by the most subtle alignment of line and mass. Judkins . . . Brunn . . . Willoughby . . . Dietrich . . . Derham . . . Le Baron . . . Locke . . . such talents as these have been enlisted to make Lincoln the smart and beautiful motor car it is.

And beneath this rich exterior is the Lincoln chassis . . . a mechanism equally distinguished . . . made with watch-like accuracy . . . powerful, lasting, swift. So that when your eye is drawn inevitably to the Lincoln upon avenue or highway it sees not simply an automobile of surpassing beauty, but one of surpassing performance also . . . a masterpiece of art and engineering . . . "as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce."

THE JUDKINS 2-PASSENGER COUPE

A distinctly personal car of individual design, notable for its comfort and quiet smartness. There is a large luggage compartment in the rear, and a special storage space for golf clubs.

"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE UNSPEAKABLES

THERE persists a quaint notion amongst no small number of the populace that the talkies will soon pass. "I've never seen anybody yet who liked them," the expression goes, and with it the vague hope this will confute producers and bring back silent pictures. The hope is futile. That noble animal, the horse, is no more dead than silent pictures. Unspeakable as most of the talkies are, they are able to speak and they are here to stay. There's nothing left to do but make the best of it, no matter how unpalatable the superlative may seem in such connection.

Already, in this curious community, so much like a suburb of Manhattan for all its glaring stucco, red tile roofs, and winter flowers, the silent picture has dropped unnoticed from the conversation. It is an unsavory topic, smacking of morbidity. With a few exceptions, there sound its praises now only those sad, pantomimic hams whose failure at the microphone gives them the air of professional mourners.

True, a few old-fashioned folk amongst the movie factory hands make an occasional slip. They speak of "titles" instead of the newfangled "dialogue." Here and there slinks by an outlandish fellow. Shunned by his contemporaries, he is working on a "silent version." And, high up in the Hollywood hills, remain a few grim aristocrats of shadowland, who have yet to encounter the noisy invader, to survive or perish in the test. But, surely, even to them, barricaded in their castles, must come a faint echo of the din from Hollywood Boulevard. There, members of the Lambs and Friars shout "Hello;" gentlemen from Tin Pan Alley burst unbidden into "theme songs;" novelists and playwrights, an Akins and an Anderson, meet, bow, and query, in a slightly injured tone: "What? You too!"

Most of the great, barnlike stages, where silent pictures were made, have been deserted. In the big sheds, the noise of carpenters, erecting new sets, formerly mingled with the babble and wheezy music from movie companies at work. Now there is silence. Where an everglade, a desert tent, a fashionable drawing-room, stood out like bright oases in the darkness, thronged by vari-costumed players in pools of blinding, bluish light, there is only gloom.

The sets are gone. The shirt-sleeved musicians have closed their instrument cases. The actors have moved over to the padded cells where talkies are made. The vast, empty, silent stages have become repositories for outworn scenery, abandoned cameras, and lumber. One grows sad. One weeps.

THE gentle, ox-eyed violinist, who sat, handkerchief knotted about his neck, scraping dolorous melodies so Clara Bow might sob, has been supplanted. His hope that one day a director might tap him on the shoulder and bawl: "Here, you, go in and do this scene!" has vanished and he has vanished with it. Likewise has departed the lady who sang sentimental songs so feelingly that even Richard Dix could cry.

In their place upon the sound stages squats a pragmatical fellow upon a stool. To his ears is clamped a headpiece. He twiddles speculatively at sundry shining knobs and discs, set in a box like a gigantic radio. He is the "sound" man; or engineer may be the title.

"Louder, Al?" he says into a mouthpiece to someone unseen, and turns another knob. "Well, try this. A-b-c-d-e-f-g-h. How's that? No?"

There ensues more knob and disc turning and a cryptic one-sided conversation, which may last an hour or more, with continued shifting of the microphone. Director and actors fume, smoke, shoot craps, or go to sleep, helpless before the cold, scientific gaze of the automaton upon the stool. It's not a little as if he talked with the Almighty, terming him "Al" for short in the stress of tuning in upon the infinite.

Nor is the simile too far-fetched. There is still an aspect of holy mystery about the sound stage. "Quiet!" roars the director and moves uneasily in his camp chair as if a little startled by his own voice. Spectators hold their breaths as the silence thickens to oppression. No man moves.

At last, the director speaks again. His voice is no more now than a whisper:

"All right, Miss Van Doorn. All ready, Mr. Rushmore. Be sure you've got your lines."

The two move on the set, tiptoeing on rubber soles. "Camera!" calls the director in a voice strangely out of keeping with his normal manner.

The scene is played. At the director's call of "Cut!" it ends. There is a gasp from pent-up breaths; a noisy clatter invades the stage, coming with the gusto of relief. There follows at once the "play-back," with the troupe stilled once more while the scene just played is reproduced in sound alone for all to hear and some to criticize. In the midst of the impassioned voices reproduced from the machine, a strange, crackling noise protrudes, like

"And these green pinheads are our field salesmen."

PARIS—City of romance—Birthplace of art and beauty—from whose golden throne Empress Eugénie showered her coveted favors upon those who knelt before her.

PARIS—among whose flowered paths wandered the young Lenthéric, his mind bright with vision, quick with dreams—Lenthéric from whose poetic soul and magical skill came exquisite perfumes, powders soft as Parisian moonlight—lip rouges to enchant the Royal Heart.

Monsieur Guillaume LENTHÉRIC—commissioned of Queens and Duchesses, is but a memory of a fragrant age, but his precious secrets live, carefully guarded by the great house that today proudly bears his name.

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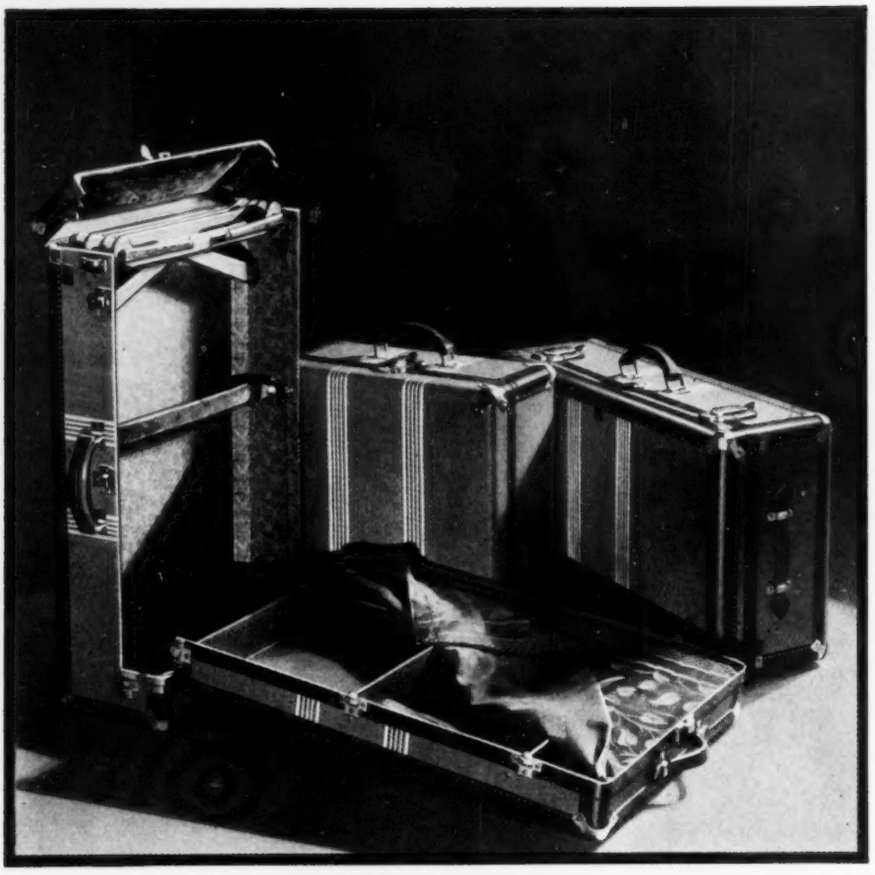


ADVICE TO PARENTS

ON CHOOSING THE GIFT FOR GRADUATION ◂ ◂ ◂ ◂

The solution is simple. Give them one or two of the swagger new Hartmann luggage pieces . . . finished in tan canvas grain Ducord, gaily enlivened with Regimental Striping . . . Chevrons of Quality . . . a distinction as essential to the travel-wise as a diploma to the graduate.

The Tourobe, for example, a swagger looking wardrobe hand luggage affair, beautifully done—construction, fittings, and finish—holds from 3 to 4 suits, and all the accessories needed for a week-end or a world tour and is small and light enough to be carried by hand.

Again there is the unusually convenient, good-looking Hartmann Pullman Case, with a deep four-inch tray and loads of room for everything. The girl graduate will be exceptionally pleased with a smart looking Hartmann Hat Box. See these Hartmann Travel Things today.

Price for the Tourobe, **$55**—for the Pullman Case, **$35**—and for the Hat Box, **$27.50.**

Hartmann Trunks

The following stores carry a representative line of Hartmann Trunks and Luggage:

Abercrombie & Fitch
B. Altman & Co.
Mark Cross Company
Gimbel Brothers
W. W. Harrison & Co.
Lord & Taylor
John Wanamaker
Saks—Fifth Avenue
Saks—34th Street
Stern Brothers
Traveller's Luggage

an unintended obbligato of musketry fire.

"What's that? What the hell?" demands the director, while Miss Van Doorn and Mr. Rushmore eye each other amazed. "What's that noise?" The director turns to the gentleman in charge of sound still squatting on his stool.

Unperturbed, as befits the scientific mind, the latter makes no answer but turns once more to his knobs and discs. "Hello, Al," he says to his unseen God. It is not until half an hour later that investigation establishes the crackling noise came from an electrician, who had been eating peanuts, unconscious that his dental labors were being recorded by the microphone. The scene is shot again.

TO avoid similar misfortunes, there are many dodges. Except on soundproof stages, companies shoot only at night, so neighboring riveters, automobiles, and trolley-cars shall not protrude unasked into a scene. Diligent searches are made for the sources of all sounds which drift upon the stages. One earnest inquiry led to a studio-restaurant kitchen; the clash of dishes had wandered thence into a murder sequence played on an adjacent stage. The tale is told that two studio employees prowled the lot one night shooting at cats, whose wails had furnished undesired overtones to a talkie love scene. In this instance, the huntsmen, not the cats, were caught and locked up with their firearms for disturbing the peace. Even mail and passenger planes, passing overhead, have unwittingly thrust the sound of their motors into talkie scenes.

Unlike the silent stages, where visitors could stand and gape, the sound stages are sacred from intrusion. Only those at work are allowed. Thus the horror of a local bootlegger, who makes one large studio his stamping ground, upon learning that a rival had gained admittance to the lot.

"God," he said in shrill panic. "You can't tell where he'd go. He might go anywhere—on the sound stages. I don't ever go on them sound stages myself unless it's absolutely necessary."

THERE remains some doubt which group concerned in making pictures is most affected and afflicted by the talkies. The old scenario writer finds himself hemmed in by a multitude of new rivals: "consulting dramatists," skit writers, lyricists, librettists, gentlemen who've written three-act plays,

even the philosophical library lions feel that way about it . . .

"Rather boring today, isn't it? Too many anaemic-looking girls who have read a book or are about to read a book," murmured one of the library lions to the other.
"Yeah?" inquired his replica.
"Yeah. I'd like to see an attractive girl—with a fresh smooth complexion. A really *lovely*-looking girl. Remember the day Ann Pennington★ came past?"
"Yeah."
"Wish she'd come by again . . ."
"Yeah . . ."

The stage stars have found that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin remarkably smooth and soft. At the actresses' request, leading theaters throughout the country have placed this fragrant white soap in their dressing rooms. In New York alone, it is used in 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters. And out in Hollywood, where nine out of ten screen stars are devoted to it, all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. Are *you* using Lux Toilet Soap? Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now 10¢.

★Ann Pennington, *the little dancing whirlwind of George White's Scandals, won the American public from the moment she first twinkled on to the stage in the* Follies. *Her name is synonymous with attractiveness—and not the* least *part of her attractiveness is her lovely smooth skin. She says: "Nothing holds more charm than the loveliness of smooth skin."*

She is one of the many *stars of the theater who, like nine out of ten screen stars, use Lux Toilet Soap. "Being on the stage necessitates giving my skin the most careful attention," she goes on to say. "And Lux Toilet Soap's gentle lather keeps it beautifully smooth. I wouldn't be without this delightful white soap."*

They still get married!

THAT means invitations—and gifts! Linens—Colored Table Damasks, a set of Decorative Linens or exquisite Household Linens? We are always glad "to do" the gift up in plenty of tissue paper and yards of white satin ribbon! And we'll remove the price tag, for McCutcheon Linens look so much more expensive than they are!

In the Gift Corner on the Fourth Floor—candlesticks, vases, lamps, occasional furniture and distinctive Liberty pottery, silver or pewter.

McCutcheon's

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-NINTH ST.

DEPT. NO. 75, NEW YORK

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

gentlemen who've written one-act plays, novelists, short-story writers, and gentry who speak of "dialogue" with loving and exclusive intimacy as if it were legerdemain of which they alone knew the trick, or a fond mistress incapable of infidelity. Further, he is confronted by the inevitable conclusion of producers that dialogue is no more than titles multiplied, which any fool should do in three days at the outside.

The director finds himself ensconced upon a set in his familiar chair beside a strange ogre from New York. The latter is a secretly scornful fellow, obviously, who writhes as the actors read their lines and urges constantly: "Now on the stage—"

To which for response the motion-picture director is reduced to the defensive: "Well, I guess I know how people talk."

BUT the actor is convinced his is the heaviest burden. No longer is there music to lift him to laughter and drop him to tears. No more may he meet the upraised eyebrows of his stage contemporary with a patronizing smile and the formula: "It's different in pictures." He's out there on his own before the microphone, overconscious that when he speaks a million human beings listen; or so his fancy tells him.

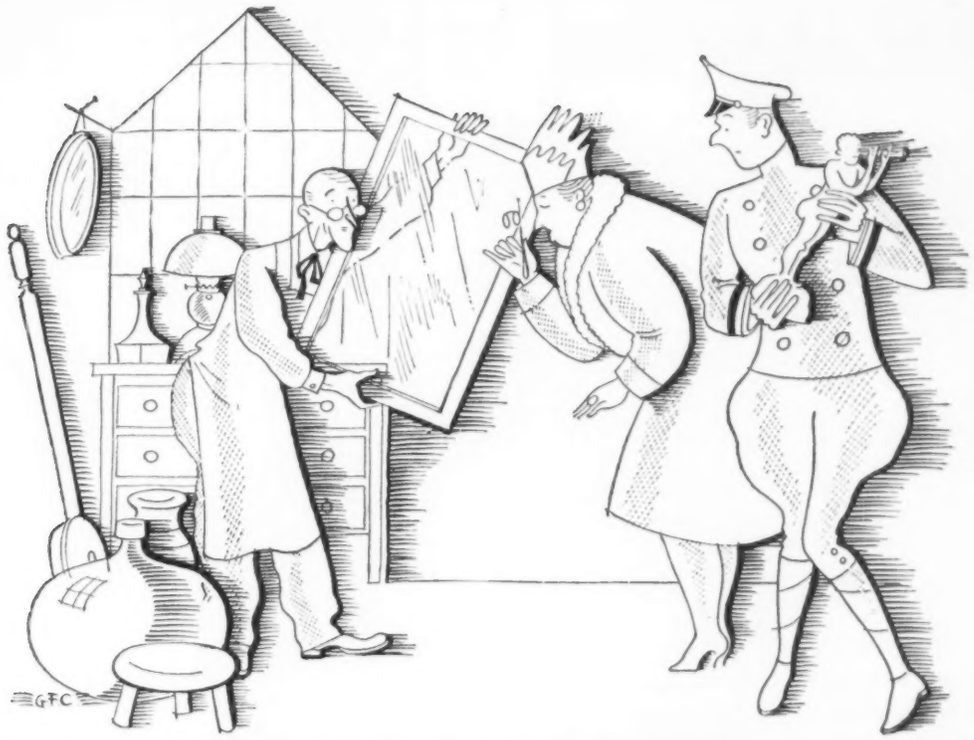
His is the greatest competition and his the most severe adjustment. The strain that learning lines brings upon his creaking memory is alone terrible to contemplate. One old-time heavy of the screen voiced the popular lament. It was in the first days of talkies. Mummers learned their lines overnight for the next day's shooting. Uneasily he strode the set, mumbling to himself the line he must speak in the next scene. It was: "Will you just wait in here?"

The scene was played. "Wait in here!" said the actor, snapping at his cue. "No, no," said the director despairingly. "You're asking her, not telling her. And I think we'd better make it even softer. Try it once this way: 'Do you mind just waiting in here?' "

The heavy's face purpled in an expression more evil than any the screen had caught in his long career.

"What are you trying to do to me?" he demanded. "You can't go changing my lines that way. I won't stand for it."

He stormed off the set. He sent for his Lincoln limousine. He was borne swiftly away. In the luxurious seclusion of the tonneau, he spluttered at



WILL YOUR LIVING-ROOM WINDOWS ULTIMATELY BE OFFERED FOR SALE IN ANTIQUE SHOPS?

(---apropos of the march of science, the question of ultra-violet, and the invention of a new building material.)

Unaware, some little Connecticut antique shop may today be offering for sale a kerosene lamp by which Thomas Edison studied tomes on electricity.

* * *

Certainly every antique shop on the Boston Post road boasts its choice collection of lamp stands which were as much standard equipment for Dad as electric bulbs are now.

Kitchen chairs of New England housewives grace museums today. Collectors fight over leather buckets of grandfather's fire brigade. Cynics are momentarily expecting to see a new antique vogue of collecting parlor stoves of the early '80's . . . lovely things, you know . . . a real spiritual quality about them.

* * *

Thus the advance of science. Thus obsolescence. Thus abandonment of the old for the new and better thing.

* * *

And today ordinary window glass is destined to pass from the American scene.

It is passing before the invention of a window glass which transmits the ultra-violet rays of sunshine. Ordinary glass excludes these vital rays. Vita glass admits them, flooding your home with ultra-violet radiance, permitting the sun-health to follow your every step.

This new building material is today as essential a specification of the modern home as is electric refrigeration, ventilating systems, oil heaters or automatic stokers.

The health benefits of ultra-viclet light are so definitely established that we confidently believe that within 20 years every civilized home in America will be equipped with this glass. (*)

Take our tip. Put your living-room windows in the attic, and buy up all the neighbors have. It's only a step from cherishing pinch bottles to collecting antique windows!

(*) These, you will note, are strong words. Thus we put in the asterisks to remind you that the Vitaglass Corporation will be pleased to send reports of these tests made by disinterested scientific institutions; lists on existing installations in leading hospitals and schools.

Of course we've made all arrangements for you to buy Vita glass from building supply dealers, glaziers and paint shops in the Metropolitan area—and nationally, too!

VITAGLASS CORPORATION, 50 East 42nd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

VITA GLASS

Brings the sun indoors

SALVAGING LIFE'S LOST MOMENTS

When you make the hurried visit home to kiss the children goodnight and make the lightning change . . . . and you must choose between being well dressed or well fed . . . . remember

HORMEL FLAVOR-SEALED WHOLE CHICKEN

and be both regally fed and dressed.

Here is chicken that tastes even better than it did "down on the farm"—fresh, tender, flavorful and satisfying!

The exclusive Hormel process saves the savory juices lost by ordinary cooking methods. A selected, whole chicken, inspected and certified by the U. S. Government, is first sealed in its sterilized vacuum container and then cooked in its own juices. None of its goodness can escape.

Serve Flavor-Sealed Chicken your favorite way. Use the jelled juices to prepare tempting soups and gravies. Truly a fitting masterpiece for the formal dinner—an indispensable reserve food—still most economical.

Weights 1½ lbs. to 6 lbs.—marked on label. At leading stores, or write naming dealer.

GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
Austin, Minn.

Flavor Sealed

HORMEL MILK-FED WHOLE CHICKEN

U. S. inspected and certified

the injustice done him, glowering in his best screen manner at the imperturbable back of his Jap chauffeur.

THERE is left for those who would confound the invaders, whom the talkies brought, but one compelling, devastating answer: "But that's not pictures."

Even the producers, badgered by playwrights who in their alien fashion desire royalties after the manner of the stage, are driven to the refuge of that expression. For, apart from the money made for them by talkies, sound has brought only misery to those uncertain dogmatists who produce pictures. It was never necessary to make a final decision as to the story told by a silent picture until after it was shot. By cutting and "re-takes," as re-done scenes are called, many pictures have been entirely changed.

But nothing so convenient can be done to talkies once they are shot. The producer's mind must be made up before the picture begins and that, however difficult for the layman to believe, is a feat completely antithetical to the producing mind. Insistent inquiry does not reveal the reason.

"But that's not pictures," repeats the producer doggedly, cornered and sparring for time as the moment of decision is forced upon him. And the phrase curiously suits his product of talkies. Action has been abandoned for dialogue, story for music, camera for sound. The producer at the moment is frankly mimicking stage plays. Truly, he is not making "pictures."

But more strange is the probability that, travelling the path which led him unconsciously from peep-shows to "The Patriot," he will stumble through. Wasting money, wasting words, wasting time, tempers, and men, always hesitant where he should be daring, always imitating where he should be creating, quibbling over pennies and throwing away dollars, sometime soon he'll begin making pictures which will combine the techniques of the stage and screen, and out of millions of celluloid feet a new form of expression will be born. —JEAN-JACQUES

HOLLYWOOD, MAY 22, 1929

•

The Chinese tell time with considerable accuracy by looking at a cat's eye. The pupil becomes narrower as noon approaches and wider as the afternoon wanes.—*Omaha paper.*

It doesn't work at night, but the cat's out anyway.

"The GAS REFRIGERATOR *really decided us on this apartment*"

One silent flame gives noiseless, endless cold

"Here's the real reason why we chose this apartment." HOSTESS MODEL ELECTROLUX—*makes 45 large ice cubes at once*

"WE had several places in mind that seemed to be about right. But the Gas Refrigerator really decided us.

"You know they're putting them in the finest and most modern apartments nowadays. So we felt pretty sure this was the kind of apartment we wanted to live in and call 'home.'

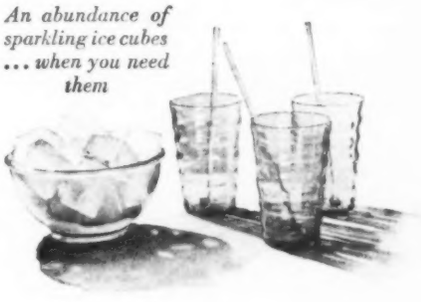
"And the Gas Refrigerator is such a comfort. You're never bothered by any motor starting and stopping or the whir and hum of machinery. Besides, you never have any fuss or trouble, since there's nothing to get out of order. You always have plenty of ice cubes when you want them...it's perfect."

Electrolux owners never get over being surprised at the way the little gas flame makes ice. Another thing that surprises them is the small amount this refrigerator costs to operate. It only adds a dollar or so to the regular monthly gas bill.

In fact, Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator, costs less to operate than any other refrigeration system. The solid one-piece Electrolux freezing unit should last as long as the steel girders in the building itself. There are no moving parts to wear out and replace.

If you have not seen the Gas Refrigerator or learned how this marvel *freezes by heat,* write or telephone for folder or call at your gas company's nearest display room, where the many models of Electrolux are being shown. Crystal Green and Silver Grey finishes are available besides the gleaming white in a wide variety of styles and sizes. Servel Sales, Inc., 51 East 42nd Street, New York City. Telephone Vanderbilt 5700.

An abundance of sparkling ice cubes ... when you need them



Delicious frozen desserts easily made with an Electrolux

ELECTROLUX THE GAS REFRIGERATOR
MADE BY SERVEL

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

NEXT TO READING MATTER

LAST week this page was given over to a retrospect of the theatrical season, a backward glance in which the outbursts of applause were agreeably tempered with mild abuse. This week the page should be avoided by those who would rather not hear what books I have most enjoyed in a winter of casual reading. If I had to name three, they would be "The True Heart" by Sylvia Townsend Warner, "The Strange Necessity" by Rebecca West, and the bound volume of the New York *Times* for November, 1863.

"The True Heart" is a staunch and beautiful fable, an elf-child, a changeling, a flower as apart and atypical as the Housman poems are, or for that matter, as the "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" which preceded it. Miss Warner's book is published here by the Messrs. Guinzburg, Huebsch and Oppenheimer, who, oddly enough, call themselves The Viking Press. If an allusion to this strange Norse trio seems dragged in by the ears, it at least gives me a chance to tell about a recent confusion in the mind of a nine-year-old bibliophile of my acquaintance. At school the other day he was overheard boasting that his father owned a page of the Guinzburg Bible.

I NAME that particular volume of the *Times* because I am fresh from mulling over it. But all of the old bound newspaper files are available to the passerby in the Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. I could recommend no more delightful way to spend a rainy afternoon, were it not for that blight on research, that sinister discouragement of book-learning, the wicked rule which forbids smoking in the reading rooms of the Library. On occasions when I have had to spend an afternoon there, I have fortified myself against such enforced abstinence by laying in a goodly supply of chewing-gum, only to come out with my jaws lame, the fillings loosened in these old teeth, and my mind brooding over a wonder if my dentist is, by any chance, a director in the Public Library.

That 1863 file in question is especially interesting because in it you can read the Gettysburg address as it was first printed, a single paragraph with its now classic sentences interspersed with bracketed reportorial allusions to the applause and cheers, a single paragraph dismissed in the headlines as the least important event of the dedication ceremonies, a single paragraph sandwiched in between the windy prayer of some forgotten parson and the seven-column speech of the Honorable Edward Everett.

I was turning to it after reading once more of the kinship between the Gettysburg address and the Funeral Oration of Pericles which Zimmern, as other historians have done before him, traces in his magnificent "Greek Commonwealth," in the pages of which our Mr. Lincoln calls across the centuries to the old Athenian much as, by beacon flares, mountain speaks to mountain across a valley. In a footnote to the latest edition of "The Greek Commonwealth," Zimmern remarks drily that there was neither a Lincoln nor a Pericles to say the say of the English peoples beside the Cenotaph at Westminster when the Unknown Soldier was laid to rest. Now I find myself wondering if that say has not been said at last—said not by any statesman or orator, poet or painter, but by the little insurance adjuster from Kingston-upon-Thames who, in the hope that the Kingston amateurs would want to play it for the Rowing Club benefit, wrote the incomparably beautiful play called "Journey's End."

Doubtless posterity will let us know. It will have the advantage of that perspective which the *Times* so sadly lacked in its editorial printed the day after the Gettysburg address was spoken. Under the caption "Two Great Orations," the editorial began:

> We devote a broadside of this morning's TIMES to the publication of two orations which we are sure will command the attention of the day.

It then goes on to discuss the great beauty of the exordiums and the dazzling splendor of the perorations from "two masters of oratory." One of these masters was, of course, the late Mr. Everett. The other, it seems, was the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, who had just returned from England, and on the evening of the day before had addressed a vast crowd at the Academy of Music in his own Brooklyn. The remarks of Mr. Lincoln appear to have been drowned out.

"THE STRANGE NECESSITY" is that profound and searching essay which lends its beautiful name to the latest volume by Rebecca West, an essay in which, in the manner of an excited *douanier*, she paws over her own intellectual luggage, only to pounce unexpectedly upon one undeclared and suspect jewel, the faculty of the relish of art. This jewel, talismanic in its capacity to enhance the pleasure of living, she twists and turns in her strong, steady, surgical hand.

I found the process of watching the gleam of its facets curiously fascinating —curiously for me, that is, because usually I grow restive during any inquiries which, with a kind of plumber's enthusiasm, snoop around the physiological origins of a state of mind. They remind me of one of those chilling psycho-physicists who, when he writes a novel, must needs start out something like this:

> Lady Di flung her slim white body across a bed quilted with moonlight, and tossed in night-long regret for her far-away lover. Her restlessness could doubtless be traced to excessive fermentation in the digestive tract.

Not all of the reviews of "The Strange Necessity" have been precisely fulsome. Many of them read like declarations of personal dislike, and seem to have it in for Miss West chiefly on the ground that she is a society butterfly who ought not to be occupying herself with such serious questions.

"I am reminded," she herself said the other day, "of the intoxicated lady on Eighth Avenue who, when Carl Van Vechten and Fania Marinoff and I were in a taxi accident, tried to force her way into the taxi, crying: 'I have always wanted to get my hand on some of the Four Hundred, and, by God, here's my chance!' "

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Anton Bruehl—Courtesy Clyde-Mallory Line

The influence of foreign travel is far-reaching. Returned Americans who have been whirled around the Place de l'Opera in a small taxi with accordion pleated fenders by a bearded demon in a white duster can never attain that same thrill of adventure in Columbus Circle. • Likewise, the superiority of French vintage wines, English tennis courts, Italian cathedrals and Viennese cooking is undoubtedly established. But, in the matter of clothes, the average New Yorker likes a type of style that is closer to Broad Street than Bond Street. • Town Series Suits owe a good deal at bottom to English fashion, but they have an added virility which conforms to the tastes of our clients. Pure woolens of distinctive pattern, $55, $65, $75.

THE WEBER and HEILBRONER SHOPS

Fineart way
Fineart Coffee

COFFEE

GOES MODERN ✣ ✣ ✣

...Coffee as refreshingly modern as the latest croquis by Lalique! A measure of FineArt* crystals . . . then just add hot water . . . or cold and ice . . . in cup or glass . . . and behold Coffee . . . the nadir of Nirvana! ✣ ✣ Individual cups made from magic amber crystals . . . imprisoning within their depths all the glorious fragrance of the sun-swept hills of high Brazil . . . coffee whose mellowness recalls joyous half-forgotten memories . . . whose full flavor promises a piquant present . . . whose enchanting aroma breathes the subtle invitation of romance. ✣ ✣ With black magic, sorcerers and alchemists sought vainly to transmute lead into gold. Modern scientists have achieved one of the most remarkable discoveries of the age . . . the ability to extract the very essence of coffee . . . translating it into diminutive sparkling crystals, sealing the heart and soul of the finest freshly roasted coffee . . . until released by you. Such is FineArt* coffee . . . Make no mistake — FineArt* is ALL coffee . . . all the natural caffeine and fragrant flavour that have made coffee so universally popular during the last four centuries. But FineArt* is coffee as you like it . . . made by you and for you . . . in the cup . . . forever uniform. ✣ ✣ The jolly little FineArt* Coffee Canister is fit companion to the haughtiest of silver service for it, too, is a thoroughbred. A canister of crystals—making many more cups than two pounds of ordinary coffee — costs but a dollar.

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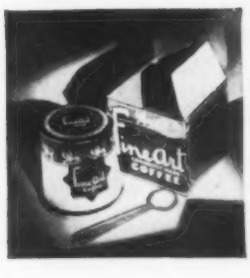
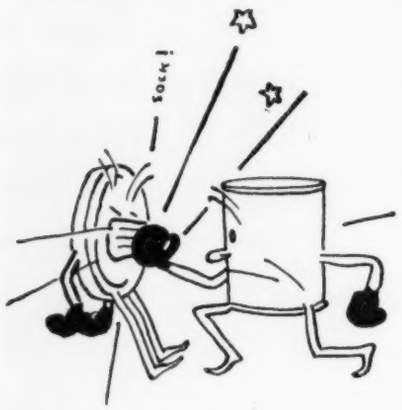
*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FineArt* Coffee may be purchased from Park & Tilford; Charles & Co.; Ecklebe & Guyer; Ruhmshottel; ✣ ✣ ✣ — and other leading merchants. To locate conveniently the store nearest you, phone Fairbanks 3333. ✣ Silver service courtesy Georg Jensen. ✣ Porcelain by Copenhagen Royal Porcelain, Inc.

FineArt* COFFEE



combating the *squeezing* menace



FLORIDA GOLD Grapefruit Juice has knocked the insidious squeezer through the ropes! Serious drinkers are emancipated from the long *fruit*less delays which used to occur while arid-throated citizens with lolling tongues squeezed and strained and un-pitted.

Florida Gold has changed all that, bringing new efficiency to the whoopee industry. This bland little tin gives you the golden juice of two of Florida's fattest grapefruit—toned up with just a touch of pure cane sugar—toned up with nothing else whatever. The clear strained juice comes to you all squeezed, all pitted, all set to do wonderful things to that fiery fluid in your shaker.

And it tastes *even better* than if you had squeezed it yourself. For it comes from grapefruit that grew ripe-to-bursting right on the tree!

Grocers whom people like you would deign to patronize always seem to have it handy—at 15c the tin.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Russian Weekends in Thirty-fourth Street

THERE is a spring season of Russian opera in session at the Manhattan Opera House these weekends. The Russian-American Grand Opera Company, which seems to draw satisfactory houses from the Russian-speaking population, is producing Rubinstein's "The Demon" this Friday and Saturday (if everything has gone on schedule), and before that there was a revival of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Tsar's Bride," which had not been seen hereabouts since 1922, when it was performed by a floundering troupe of itinerants.

The Russian-American ensemble is not too ostentatious, and, considering that this is a recently formed organization, there is surprisingly good teamwork between the principals, and more cohesion between the principals and the orchestra than one usually finds in more or less improvised companies. The conductor, Alexis Coroshansky, handles a fairly proficient orchestra with tact, and gives the voices ample opportunity to be heard. Sometimes he subdues his musicians to a point at which it becomes one of those whispering orchestras, but whether this is owing to his desire to favor the singers or to that discretion which is the better part of conducting without many rehearsals, I cannot say. The soloists are generally competent, and Mme. Kurenko, who sang the title rôle, is much more than that. The scenery may be pardoned, and the staging is at least no worse than the usual operatic routine.

"TSARSKAYA NEVESTA" is an opera which has been admired extensively in Europe, its admirers including the composer, who considered it a most interesting work. A good deal has been written about the Russianism of the composition, and some critics have hurled piquant passages at other critics who have discovered in it Italian influences.

Perhaps the Manhattan Opera House performance was misleading, but it seemed to me that if one substituted for the Russian costumes

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newest and greatest
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by the crooning comedienne
BELLE BAKER

Hear this Broadcasting and Recording Star sing the four greatest ballad sensations of the year—

Underneath the Russian Moon
heart lunacy of a Muscovite maiden out on the slippery steppes—where men are men and beards tickle.

My Sin
the true confessions of our torrid Belle who loved not wisely, but too well. Oh!—! 4343

I'll Always Be In Love With You
Theme Song of the motion picture "Syncopation"—or—the Ball-and-Chain Blues—sung softly and with appropriate sadness by Miss Baker.

Old Fashioned Lady
A song to the mothers we knew before face-lifting made flappers out of 49-ers. 4313

Facial skin REVITALIZED *by* DASYPODINE HORMONES

Amor Skin literally feeds youth into the epidermis and sub-cutaneous cells, erasing wrinkles, crows' feet and other marks of time.

FROM MEDICAL JRL. AND RECORD, FEB. 1, 1928
"I suggested Amor Skin to several persons and . . . there was such a pronounced change in the complexion and in the consistency or firmness of the skin, that it surprised mutual acquaintances, who knew nothing about the treatment . . . but spontaneously inquired about the cause of the change, although their attention had not been called to it." *Curt Thomalla, M.D., Berlin, Germany.*

THE smart women of today keep perpetual rendezvous with youth. Everywhere you see them, marvelous young women of forty and over, who have seemingly outwitted time.

Long past the formerly accepted limits of youth, they maintain the fresh complexions of young girls, their faces free from wrinkles, crows' feet and the pitiless stamp of age, they remain radiantly, gloriously young.

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Age has no favorites. Skin specialists will tell you that time begins to record on the Anglo Saxon woman's face at twenty-five.

The traceries are faint at first, but surely and relentlessly they come unless steps are taken to halt the march macabre.

Hormone famine is the cause. At the age of twenty-five the hormone output of certain glands of internal secretion begins to dwindle. Without this life-giving stimulus the elastic skin fibres and the sub-cutaneous cells begin to relax. The process is slow at first—but more rapid as years pass.

Gradually the epidermal tissue hardens. The skin loses its elasticity and tension. The bloom of girlhood vanishes. Wrinkles, crows' feet come.

Now science has found a way to substitute for these precious youth hormones, the hormones of the hypoderma of certain young dasypodine animals—with the most amazing results.

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Until recently this great discovery was available only to a few women of European nobility. Compounded at enormous cost, these women gladly paid extravagantly for its precious benefits.

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The genuine Amor Skin is always packed in the characteristic lamp shaped package and each package is numbered and sealed.

When you buy Amor Skin for the first time do not look for an overnight miracle. It took time to put those lines and wrinkles in your face. They will not disappear until the hormone starved cells have been nourished by the active principle in Amor Skin.

But if you will follow the simple directions night after night, if you are sincere in your desire to attain results, gradually your mirror will tell the miracle of the revitalization.

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Present supply will permit only twenty thousand women in America to buy Amor Skin during 1929.

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"... But why didn't you get the tickets before dinner?"

"Didn't have time, my dear. Ten minutes—"

"That was plenty of time if you *knew* anything. You and your theatre ticket tours! *One* stop is enough when you go to Bascom."

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Post graduate wives who have won honors in the School of Domestic Duties honestly deserve... frankly favor The Westover. 2, 3 and 4 Room Suites. Serving Pantries. Electrical Refrigeration.

Dine and dance in the famous Viennese Room!

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the shawls and red panties that are the wardrobe of most travelling opera outfits and tossed in a few "*andiamos*," "*addios*," "*maledicos*," and so on, "The Tsar's Bride" might pass as an experiment by an exceptionally clever Roman who had studied Russian local color. After all, Rimsky-Korsakoff announced that "the style of this opera was to be cantilena par excellence," and no Italian composer could have been more thoughtful in devising a grateful vocal line. Although Ivan the Terrible appears momentarily (a bearded chorus man on a white horse), the story is not so Russian as to be unintelligible.

THE drama, in fact, is exceptionally good conventional operatic material. The soprano is betrothed to the tenor. The baritone falls in love with her and begs a love potion from the secondary tenor. The contralto, cast off by the baritone, substitutes poison. Meanwhile, the Tsar has seen the soprano, chosen her for his bride, and the third act ends with the Tsar's proclamation, intoned by a bass, just as everything looks auspicious for the soprano and tenor. In the last act, the tenor has been beheaded offstage at the Tsar's command, the soprano is suffering from contralto-poisoning, the contralto confesses, the baritone kills the contralto, and the soprano goes mad. What more do you want of an opera libretto?

ALL of this, taken at a leisurely pace, becomes unexpectedly convincing on the stage, and although there are not a few languid stretches, the score manages to arrive at a climax in every act. The music that comes just before the Tsar's proclamation is exceptionally beautiful, and there is an unaccompanied contralto aria in the first act that is not only charming but so adroitly written that it is possible for the singer to remain on pitch without an effort. Like all of Rimsky-Korsakoff's compositions, "The Tsar's Bride" is always clever, even when there is no notable thematic invention, and with more incisive dramatic direction and crisper tempi than the Russian-Americans displayed, it ought to be a good reportory piece for any opera house.

With all its crudities, the new organization deserves our gratitude for the production, and I hope that there will be sufficient patronage to encourage it to bring out other unfamiliar operas.

—R. A. S.

CRAVATS

A colourful cravat quietly stimulates the affairs of man, permitting him to enjoy one of the few fanciful liberties associated with masculine attire. And, from a period when one or two ties might have sufficed, we have moved to a condition where the average person owns dozens, or perhaps hundreds . . . counting the cherished old ones. But never in history, from the time of the original "Croat," has the Cravat enjoyed the favour, and actual homage, it does today. Regimental stripes, gay and traditional . . . club and sporting stripes . . . broad stripings of maroon and gray, or various combinations . . . the captivating Spitalfield . . . the rich Poplin of Old Ireland . . . the dashing Foulard of England; a bit of colour for each of us. Men, nowadays, purchase cravats profusely, quickly and with tender regard. And . . . it may be said with justice, that Neckwear Advertisements in The Sun offer one of the most successful methods of creating customers known to the Men's Wear world . . . for readers of The Sun are acutely cravat-conscious and abundantly supplied with the wherewithal.

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Five large bedrooms, with three tiled baths . . .
The house has slate roof; heated garage . . .
The floors are of oak; the finish is in keeping . . .
A thoroughly comfortable, livable house.
The owner has been asking $25,000 . . .
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A house of this type in Scarsdale . . .
At this notably moderate price . . .
Is as unusual as it is worthwhile.
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THE PHONE CALL

HELLO, is this Plaza 18575? Is Mrs. . . . Hold the wire just a minute, will you? . . . Joan, please take off my best hat. . . . Because I don't want you to wear it. . . . Is Mrs. Kent there, please? . . . No, dear, you're not going to a party, and if you were you couldn't wear my hat. It would look silly. . . . Hello, Mary. How are you? . . . Really! Just a second, Mary. . . . Joan, please don't put my rouge on. It isn't good for little girls' skins. When you're bigger you can if you need it. . . . Joan is putting makeup on her face, Mary. Isn't it killing, she's such a feminine little thing. Jack says she's just like me—wants to be dressed up all the time. . . . No, Joan, please don't use my perfume. In the first place, you're squirting it all over the room, and anyway you have such a cute baby-smell just as you are. . . . God, Mary, that child is into everything. Jack says I should be glad she is such a normal, healthy little girl. I suppose that that is all that matters after all. Just one minute, Mary. . . . Joan, what are you doing! Take that out of your mouth this minute. I don't mind if you pretend you're the doctor, but don't try to hold your tongue down with my nail scissors. Take the shoe horn if you must have something. I don't really think that that game is much fun—why don't you look at the automobiles out of the window? Maybe there's a princess riding in one. . . . She told me this morning that she wanted to be Sleeping Beauty when she grows up, and I always think it's a good idea to encourage her imagination. Jack and I both think maybe she'll be a writer. She does think of the most amusing things! Just the other day she came to me and said . . . Joan, don't lean so far out of the window, dear. You might fall . . . Oh, dear, I shouldn't have said that. Maybe she'll always be afraid of windows now—I was reading yesterday where a child—no, she's leaning out farther, thank goodness, so I guess I don't need to worry.

MARY, I wanted to tell you about the—what is it, Joan? Can't you see that I'm trying to talk to Mrs.

Kent? . . . You think you see Judy? . . . Hold the wire just a minute, Mary, while I look. . . . My dear, it was her little friend Judy! Imagine recognizing her from the tenth floor! Joan has the most extraordinary eyesight. . . . Joan, dear, stop screaming. She can't possibly hear you from here. . . . She's trying to attract Judy's attention by screaming, 'Hello Judy.' Can you hear her? Where was I? Oh, yes! Well, at the party last night Mr. Henkle came up to me, and what do you think he said? My dear, I was so completely surprised that . . . Joan, please stop taking off your clothes. You can't take a bath now. That's my water that I've just run—you know you get your bath at night, darling. . . . Well, Mr. Henkle said that someone had told him that you were thinking seriously of—what do you want, Joan? . . . No, dear, I'm talking to Mrs. Kent now. . . . You just want to say 'Hello' to her? Well, I'll see if she wants to talk to you. . . . Do you mind just saying 'Hello' to her, Mary? She's just learning to talk over the telephone, and she's really awfully cute about it. . . . All right, dear, just for a minute. . . . No, that's the end you listen through. . . . Oh, damn, there goes the telephone on the floor. . . . Hello, Mary, are you still there? Hold on just a second. . . . Now talk through this end. Say, 'Hello, Mrs. Kent, how are you?' . . . If you want to talk to Mrs. Kent, do it, Joan. Say, 'Hello, Mrs. Kent, how are you?' Ask her how she is. . . . No, you don't say how she is, you say how are you. I can't explain why to you now, dear, but I will some other time. . . . That's right; ask her when she's coming over. Say, 'When are you coming over?' . . . That's enough, dear. You don't have to keep saying it over and over again. Now let me talk to her. . . . Hello, Mary. . . . hello . . . hello. . . . Oh, dear, Central must have disconnected us—Central, you've disconnected us. . . . She hung up? She did? Well, that's the last time I'll ever talk to that woman! —BEATRICE KAUFMAN

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Pottsville (Pa.) Journal*]

This train makes the run between New Jersey and Atlantic City, a distance of 136 miles, in three hours. It takes its place right alongside of the 20th Century Limited, the Broadway Limited, the Congressional Limited, and the Chief, which runs from Chicago to Los Angeles.

One can be smart.

And one can be thrifty. But only once in a month of Sundays is it possible to combine the two as gracefully as in the new showing of hosiery and underthings made of Bemberg.

Smart purchases — in every meaning of the word. . . . At leading shops.

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Soft, white, supple yarn made from pure dissolved fibres, spun into very fine threads, by an exclusive, stretch-spinning process, giving unusual strength and pliability. It has a natural lustre similar to silk and contains filaments of the same number and fineness.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

I REALLY don't know what the overworked sports buyers would have done without the invention of aviation. It just shows how Nature takes care of her own, flying coming along just as clothes for almost all other sports were becoming standardized. You may well imagine with what cheers and shouts of glee Altman opened a new department consecrated to flying clothes. These are not togs for those effete lady passengers of cabin planes who dress in the costumes they expect to wear to lunch on arrival, but for women flying their own planes. Most of the models are of workmanlike cut, in one piece, are zipped securely up the front, and are stepped into like overalls. Zippers also have a way of appearing up the trousers and across the voluminous patch pockets. The suits are belted at the normal waistline and have collars high around the base of the throat. In washable cotton gabardine (beige or white), $19.50 up, or in duck's back, from $10.50 up. Some of them could employ high-laced camping boots or regulation riding boots; with most of the models a conventional sports oxford or jodhpur boot would be correct, to my mind.

The French couturiers always go a little quaint when it comes to costumes for active sports. Paul Caret presents more elaborate flying clothes with tasty eagles and silver planes embroidered over the heart. They are whipcord and duvetyne, worked out in various versions of the tunic and having trousers of either the skiing or riding type. There will be no messing around a nasty old engine, and no taking-off where there is danger of spattering mud on these, please.

Altman has, in this department, standard goggles, helmets, airplane luggage, and other accessories. Also a flying coat, with three armholes, into which you wind yourself like a Spanish shawl-dancer. This is in rainproof linen-crash lined with wool. At the finish, you are attired in a straight coat, quite high-necked, that buttons down the back of the shoulder and protects you against the elements perfectly.

IN the newly enlarged shoe department here, they offer a weekend shoe wardrobe which has many advantages. First comes a travelling or onlooker-sports pump of brown antelope and calf with a high Cuban leather heel. Next, a buckskin tennis gillie with touches of color in the lacings and piping; then a monk's golf shoe in beige or brown calf, encasing the foot completely to a point just below the ankle, where a buckled strap finishes it off. Rubber soles, naturally. Then a kid one-strap afternoon shoe with colored piping; and a combined beach sandal and boudoir slipper in colored kid—a band across the toes, one coming up on each side of the instep and at the back of the heel, and lacings connecting them—really attractive. And a moire evening pump, with a crystal buckle, to be dyed to suit your fancy.

The beach-pajama field is represented by overalls in coin-dotted rubberized satin, which should be grand to put over a wettish bathing suit and wear in the car that takes you home to change; and numbers of two-piece suits in unbleached muslin. Very violent sweaters or bathing-suit tops are recommended to accompany them.

JAMES MCCREERY takes great pride these days in a new backless brassière with really practical advantages. This is of lace or net, is cup-shaped in front, and the elastic straps continue downward to the girdle in back, where they are securely buttoned on. Two other tiny elastic straps emerge coyly from

"Dearie, how would you like something with personality?"

In Paris, you hear:

"C'est le Jantzen, Madame!"

. . . after 4000 miles!

Journey to Paris if you will, but when you ask for a *costume de bain,* most of the smart shops will show you a Jantzen! And so you'll find it both on and off the continent. For Jantzen has become the choice of fashionable people throughout the world!

So why wait to secure this important part of your wardrobe? See the brilliant new Jantzen models . . . the *Sunsuit,* the *Twosome* . . . at leading New York stores.

Jantzen is the suit that combines smart appearance with perfect freedom for swimming. Tightly knitted from the strongest long-fibred wool, a Jantzen graces your body lightly, comfortably, smoothly . . . both in and out of water. Due to the magic of Jantzen-stitch, its elasticity is permanent. Buttonless to size 42; unbreakable rubber button on larger sizes. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

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The suit that changed bathing to swimming

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under the brassière in front and join the strap in the back. They really expose the vastest area possible, and still give you that modest feeling.

In the bathing-suit department here they have gone slightly mad over hats. You can find Mexican sombreros with seventeen-inch brims (they are forty-three across) and towering tapering crowns using about seven bright colors of straw at once. If you really want to avoid sunburn, this is your meat. Also, there are little straw hats that have a circular and slightly conical piece attached on the top of the crown, in the Chinese fashion. And you can find picture hats of rough natural-colored straw that set you back a mere $2.95.

Besides these, they offer a pirate pajama suit in unbleached muslin piped with the same brilliant color that fashions the backless, sleeveless tuck-in top. You can also find in this department the new Batho bag, a little rubber bag with a trick catch that makes it absolutely waterproof for that wrist-watch, the cigarettes, and the other necessities that you must take swimming with you; and a new beach chair, made of two cane circles, that is carried about like an emaciated hatbox and forms a seat and back when opened out.

All sports and bathing things, by the way, are now assembled in one place on the Fifth Avenue side of the fourth floor.

VERY young things in search of an airy-fairy evening dress should look at a collection of models in point d'esprit that Arnold Constable is showing. These have ruffly skirts, collars that turn into cape backs, and a general air of frivolity. They come in good colors, including black, and cost but $35.

For vacation clothes, all of you can find astounding value in bouclé-knitted two-piece sweater suits of the somewhat formal type. These have little motifs in contrasting color and are

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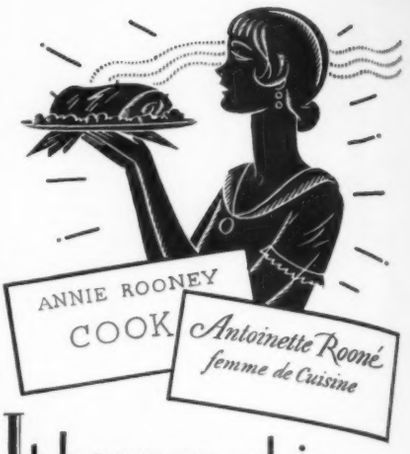

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Not long since, Annie was "the cook" in a modest Hollywood home. Ambitious, alert, one day Annie discovered Guasti Cooking Sherry—the magic touch of the grape! Resourceful, Annie hooked her culinary career to her newly found flavor-star. And Annie rose—she did. Today? Ah, Annie is Antoinette, governing goddess below stairs—on the Avenue! Now, old Epicurus is Antoinette's patron saint, as the country-clubbish crowd attests.

GUASTI Cooking Sherry is the same fine old sherry that has made the name of Guasti famous all these years—with enough salt added to remove it from the beverage class, yet *just enough* to season food for the average taste.

***It is now legally available* at leading grocers. There are other *Guasti Cooking Aids*, too, including Guasti Sweet Sherry Flavoring, Guasti Sauce a la Bercy, Guasti Sauce a la Bordelaise, Guasti Sauce a la Newburg, Guasti Sweet Port Flavoring, Guasti Sweet Sauterne Flavoring; also *Guasti Wine Jellies* in six varieties: Port, Sherry, Burgundy, Sauterne, Muscatel and Tokay.**

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priced from $49.50 up, which is well worth meditating on. Then, there are: A shantung suit with a seven-eighths coat and two-piece jumper dress in any color. . . . Brown-and-white checked ginghams. . . . Lots of those little crêpe de Chine afternoon dresses hand-fagotted in France, in contrasting color, which are by way of being a veranda classic, and cost around $19.75 here. . . . And, for summer train travel, three-piece suits in navy or beige wool georgette, with tuck-in blouses of polka-dotted silk. —L. L.

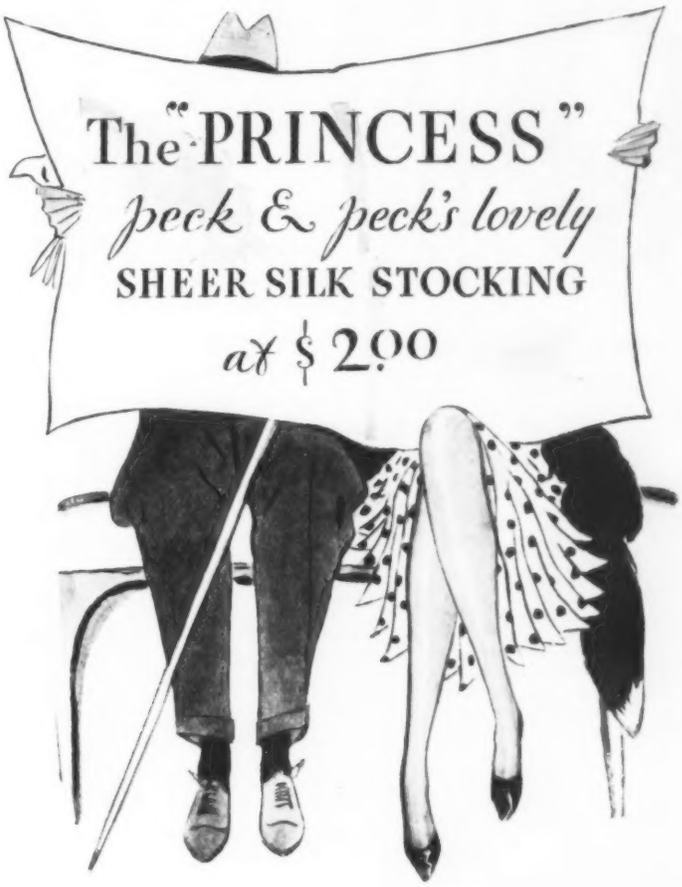
THIS AND THAT

Wanted — Travellers' Solace—Now Open to the General Public

THE terrific inventiveness of the shops in New York (going even to the extent of digging up Paris fashions that Paris is delighted to know about later) is so well known and so thoroughly accepted that, when a great opportunity is not grasped, I am a little amazed and disappointed in them. With all the talk about bare legs and sandal shoes for summer, there has been no particular uproar among manicurists or beauty parlors about the necessity of pedicurists. Your chiropodist will do all that is humanly possible about the calluses that afflict the foot of the shoe wearer, but what about polishing the nails and making the feet more possible naked than most are nowadays? I discover that most podiatrists are so hoity-toity and medical and important that beautification is beneath them; manicurists will not stoop so low either.

The first good pedicurist to waltz into the attention of this department will receive, in gratitude, a large, juicy paragraph of recognition.

TRAVELLERS to Europe, besieged with the laundry problem, have known for a long time that underwear in the glove-silk vein, that needs no ironing, is a boon and a solace. Arnold Constable is offering some new things of chiffon milanese, one with a low-backed top and attached shorts that button on in back like a child's. Others, also in one piece, come with crossed suspender backs, and in colors that include an elegant chocolate brown. Chiffon milanese,



UNLESS you know "Princess" you do not know the best looking $2 stocking in town.

Unless you wear "Princess" you cannot know how long-wearing a sheer silk stocking can be.

It's pure silk—Peck & Peck silk—from tip to toe. They are a full 31 in. in length, picoted at top, doubly reinforced at toe and heel and fashioned to cling to every subtle curve and contour.

Wear them and you'll find then that Peck & Peck have produced for you a most beautiful and economical stocking!

PECK & PECK

Fifth Ave., *at 55th Street* Fifth Ave., *at 42nd Street*
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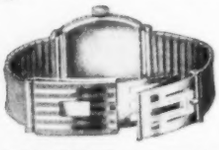
Krementz CORRECT EVENING JEWELRY

IMPECCABLY STYLED Sets for wear with Tuxedo—or those designed for the Full Dress ensemble insure that comfortable feeling of being well-groomed. The Perfect Gift for a man —$7.50 to $50.00.

◆ ◆ ◆

Krementz WRIST WATCH BAND



DEFTLY DESIGNED expanding links that enable one to slip the entire band over the hand with ease, are quickly folded into place and locked securely. Krementz Bands are instinctively chosen for fine watches—$17.50 and up.

◆ ◆ ◆

Krementz SMART CUFF LINKS

AN ALWAYS USEFUL GIFT offered in a great variety of designs for selection that reflects individuality—up to $7.50 a pair.

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JEWELRY FOR MEN

all decked up in a pin-prick diamond pattern, fashions shorts and separate tops as well. Altman has a rather athletic-looking one-piece set called Singlon. This has a white top with a low back and attached candy-striped shorts—very snappy. And don't forget Best's gossamer pants and teddies in a Vionnet cut.

THE newest creams to wend their way languidly into this office—to the vast delight of the female employees—are four products by Margaret Brainard, who formerly compounded them only for individual customers. Though their scope has been extended to accommodate all those who ask for them at Saks, they are still made carefully in her own laboratory. There is a cleansing cream, not too thin, and a nourishing skin-food cream. Flower cream, which may be used as a general one by those with oily skins who require its astringent quality, and Satin cream, recommended particularly for those with very dry skins, complete the list. All of them smell and feel luscious and are, to my mind, well worth trying. —L. L.

•

KINDERGARTEN

I'll dust a little while I guess,
To ease this ache of loneliness.
  I'll dust, I'll mop, I'll scrub the floor;
  I'll scrub and mop and dust some more,
And when at length I'm tired from head
To foot, I'll tuck myself in bed.
  I'll tuck myself away to sleep
  And leave it to the Lord to keep
My troubled soul in tow until
Another day, and then I will
  Attend to it myself. And when
  My darling telephones again
I'll be as calm as calm can be
And never will admit that he
  Can pulverize my peace of mind
  Whenever he feels so inclined.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

A well attended meeting of the Northern Vermont Fairs Association was held at the Hotel Vermont yesterday afternoon. The purpose of this association is to standardize the racing programs and furnish more incentive for the Vermont horses to race at home.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

Chintz curtains in the stables?

Joan Crawford (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star) and one of her favorite Costume Bags.

No. 2024-AT
Whiting & Davis Costume Bag of enamelled petite armor mesh. Silver finish, 5" frame, silk lined, with pocket and mirror.

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There must be some extraordinary quality in Whiting & Davis Costume Bags, they appeal to so many women of exceptional charm.

It's the "precious" quality of jeweler-craftsmanship, *plus* an indefinable air of Parisian *allure!*

PAUL POIRET

designs them. That's why. They're inspirations—from the Master Mind of Fashion. Sombre-smart or gay with fantasy and color, each accredited Poiret model is an enviable possession . . . always hand in hand with fashion. See them at your jeweler's, or write to PAUL POIRET, care of our factory, for a portfolio of new Costume Bag designs, in colors.

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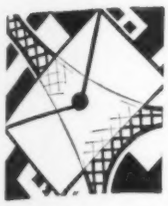
WHITING & DAVIS COSTUME BAGS

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, MAY 22



MAY is no merry month for the art critics. The four big spring salons have opened with a mileage that forces even the layman to do a little better than a hundred canvases an hour if he is to get anywhere at all. The critic has to do ten thousand in a week. In the Spring Salon at the Grand Palais, this works out at a rate of about four nudes and one artillery general a second.

This famous Salon was founded in 1667 and is beginning to show it; its painting is from ten to four hundred years behind the times, attracts the bourgeoisie in hordes, and sells to them a million francs' worth annually—more than any other salon. The stock in trade never varies; every year the Spring Salon specializes in portraits of celebrities (at present the Pope and a couple of kings, only of Rumania and Egypt, but still kings), portraits of high society ladies (usually by Van Dongen, who this season has them no head and all legs), and full-length paintings of military gentlemen, usually generals. No one lower than a colonel ever got into the spring show. Added to this genteel foundation of church, arms, and society is a thick crust of nudes, all female, pink, pretty, and polite.

IN comparison, this year's Salon des Tuileries is, of course, sterner stuff, being made up of Lucifers who once rebelled against the broad-minded Autumn Salon and even the Independent. They were originally regarded as the hope of their century, but one gathers that by now rebellion has proved exhausting. Their present show will run through June, and will afford you a perfect collection of modern bad French painting, in case you are interested. Ugliness, trickery, bootlicking, and bitumen prevail, and the nudes would give you something to write home to the folks about, though they would never believe you.

THE Salon des Humoristes, the annual French funny show, has also opened and will remain open until the middle of July; and the Salon des Ar-

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 50th STEEET

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The REDDY TEE

Buy from your "Pro"

tistes Décorateurs, the big annual modern interior-decorating junket, may be seen at its old stand in the Grand Palais until the end of June. Of the two, we thought the Artistes Décorateurs the funnier.

HOWEVER, the Hôtel Charpentier's exhibition of Jacques-Emile Blanche, prettily entitled by the master, "*Mes Modèles; Images pour Illustrations de Mémoires, 1881-1929*," was a salve for other artistic wounds. The smartest artist of his day, who painted in and dined out only at the most fashionable houses, a technician who could paint something like Manet, something like Degas, and even something like himself, Blanche was negligible as a creator, but as a young-man-about-town and a society reporter he was a genius. His true vogue and social comprehension ended with 1914; his period thus coincided with Proust's, when the Champs-Elysées was the scene for the fashionable drive, Dieppe was all the go, and ladies in evening dress wore black feathers in their topknot. The originals of Odette and Swann were among the admirers of Blanche's works.

Those who sat to him presented a gallery no less real for being less literary: "Mrs. Lily Langtry at Dieppe"—"about 1885," the painter piously notes; "Head of Mrs. Cornwallis West;" "Mabel Dodge at the Villa Curonia"—"Florence, 1911, Epoch of Schéhérazade," he adds, to give Miss Dodge's costume its snobbish historicity. "Head of Mme. Letellier"—"hat by Virot," and so he rattles on, coming a cropper only in an "Imaginary Portrait of Virginia Woolf"—whom his imagination led him to believe looked like Queen Mary—and in a sketch of the famous Marquise de Casa Fuerte—where his signature had been cut off, as the catalogue states, by the jealous and malicious hand of his friend, Count Robert de Montesquiou, supposedly a model for Proust's Baron Charlus.

The *succès de scandale* of the show was, of course, the two portraits, one entitled "Profile" and the other "Apparition," of the Countess de Castiglione, beauty and mistress at the court of Napoleon III, which she left the night she discovered her first wrinkle. She lived on for thirty years in her mansion, where daylight was never allowed to enter, hiding herself in shadows and her face behind a black-spotted veil that became her legend. Blanche's painting of her shows her

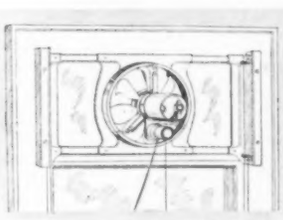
late in life, an embittered old lady.

For those whose living, or even whose reading, took place in the Paris of before the war, the Blanche show has been an item of pleasure, malice, and profit.

THE theatre strike, threatened by authors, actors, managers, and everyone except the cloakroom ladies, is still brewing for the end of June. One-third of a French box-office intake goes to the state in taxes. One of the heaviest of the six taxes imposed is for charities, on the theory that theatres, being gay, ought to help pay for sadness. The fact that no other gay business, such as Cartier's, is so taxed, has led to the fight, which will affect ten thousand theatres, movies, and dance halls throughout France and throw a million and a half patrons out on the street with no place to go but home. Back-chat about theatrical finances, brought on by talk of the strike, has brought to light the fact that cloakrooms, which were to be scrapped along with government taxes, will, however, have to be saved. Cloakroom ladies in Paris, it seems, pay the managements thirty thousand francs a month for the privilege of hiding your hat.

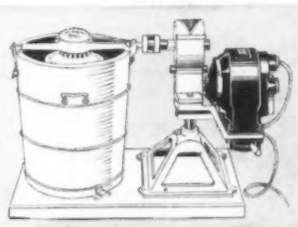
DIAGHILEFF's Russian Ballet is shortly opening with only two new offerings: Prokofieff's "Le Fils Prodigue," with décors by Rouault, and Stravinsky's "Reynard the Fox." As usual, critics will ask why more new music is not presented. As usual, it may be because the music-makers are so badly paid. For his charming ballet of "La Chatte," Sauget, it is said, received five thousand francs from Diaghileff, less than a thousand from the publisher who edited the score, and royalties to the tune of ten per cent, or another seven to eight hundred francs, each time the score was danced in France. About seventy-five francs were paid when it was danced in England, where apparently there is no copyright protection for French musicians. The Russian Ballet is annually credited with losing money on its Paris venture, trying to make up at Monte Carlo and London what the Parisian season takes out of its blood. Diaghileff's expenses are, as his Ballet used to be, imperial; his is the largest private repertory troupe of any sort playing in Europe today. Five thousand francs for Sauget's "Chatte" is doubtless as much as the master can afford. In this day of rich patrons, composers are still supposed to starve. —GENÊT

SHOPPING WITH Janet Gray AT LEWIS & CONGER

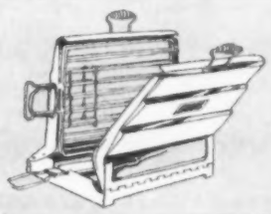


IF I'd permit it, I really believe the youngsters would spend all their time turning our new Electric Kitchen Ventilator on and off. You see, it works both ways—one tug starts the suction. Another tug reverses it and floods the kitchen with cool, live air. The Ventilator is in a glass and metal frame that is set at the top of the window. I paid $75.00 for it. City installation, $7.00

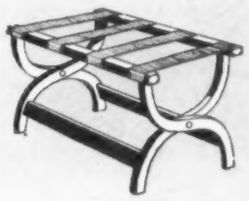
I HAVE two Cylinder Jugs. The cylinder down the middle holds crushed ice. The advantage is that the beverage stays cold as ice without becoming diluted, and at the same time is protected from possible impurities in the ice. Both of my Jugs are of cut crystal glass. They have nickeled handles and covers. The 3 pint one was $13.50; 6 pint size, $18.50



IN our house, summer means homemade ice cream often. Happily it's easy to manage —with the Electric White Mountain Freezer on the job. It politely cranks itself. I put in my mixture, turn on the current and let 'er go. In a very few minutes we have delicious ice cream. 2 qt. size, $60.00; 3 qt. size, $65.00; 4 qt. size, $70.00



BROILET is another hot-weather blessing for which I give thanks. It broils without heating up the place. Goes on top of the stove, over one burner, turned low. It broils steaks, chops, chicken, fish, and things of that sort, both sides at once. There is no odor —and no smoke. Made of polished steel, grid, 8" x 10", $4.00



THE Luggage Stand is a convenience guests appreciate. It holds luggage at a comfortable height for packing. And I like it, because if luggage is on the Stand it isn't scratching my chairs. Folds when not in use. Ours is finished in mahogany. (Also comes in walnut or ivory finish.) $7.50

FRUIT drinks are popular around our house in hot weather. I find I can make them without much effort with my trusty Electric Fruit Reamer. I turn on the current, hold the fruit against the reamer and down flows the juice. The bowl is of opal glass, the body of gray enameled steel. $14.95

LEWIS & CONGER Janet Gray

45th Street and Sixth Ave., New York City

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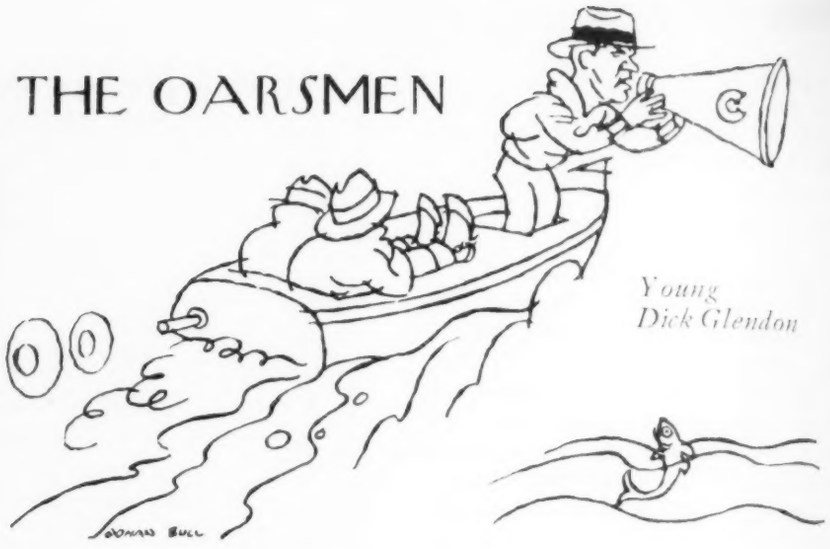
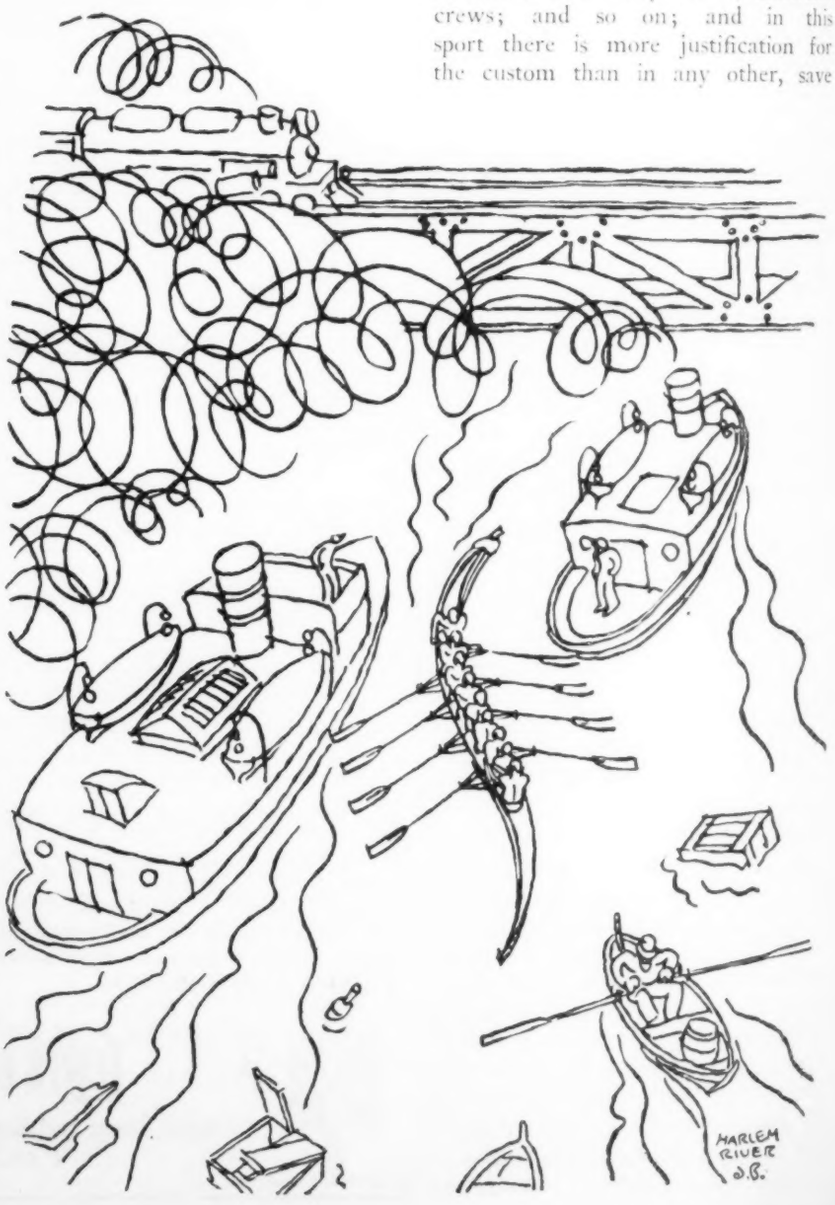


Young Dick Glendon

Credit Long Due—In the Stern Sheets

THERE is a legend in American rowing that some visiting Englishman was heard to remark, after studying his first newspaper accounts of races here, "Oh, and in this country do your coaches also row in the boats?" It is true that Yale crews are as often called Leader crews; Columbia and Navy crews, Glendon crews; and so on; and in this sport there is more justification for the custom than in any other, save



possibly track athletics. As a result, however, there is too much of a tendency to overlook the men in the boat. The oarsman is the most anonymous sportsman of all. To prove this, you

Domenech, cox of the lightweights

have only to ask the average rowing man to name the seating order of the California eight that won the world's championship in 1928. Go further afield, and you will find few who know the names of any oarsmen of recent years, except an occasional stroke.

VARIOUS explanations are given for this, the principal one being that rowing is so completely a team sport. The coaches are not to be blamed; any coach you talk to never mentions himself, but says a great deal about his men. The senior Glendon, in a discussion of his famous Navy champions of 1921, once stated, "Ninety per cent of the credit belongs to the men rowing, and only ten per cent to the coach." He was being generous then, but there was something to what he said. A great share of the credit for the showings of Columbia, Cornell, and Yale this spring could rightfully go to certain individuals. Cornell, for instance, has been having its best early season in recent years, and a good part of that success should be credited to Behrman, the stroke. When Cornell opened with a victory over Tech and Harvard on the Charles, Behrman, who is not particularly heavy, had finally won the stroke seat after three years of rowing as a substitute. A week before this race, he injured his thumb badly and for a while seemed permanently on the sick list. He

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TOMORROW'S STYLES FOR MEN
ARE SEEN TODAY

A CLOSE association with certain forms of sport gives one a keen sense of what is fitting and proper. A polo player since old enough to sit a pony, a golfer or tennis enthusiast since first able to swing a club or racquet . . . such men are seldom lacking in the best forms of sportsmanship.

A true sportsman is naturally discriminating. He does things well habitually. And his ideas of what is correct are reflected in his ease of manner and mode of dress . . . faultlessly groomed always, yet with a distinct touch of individuality that speaks of good taste and sound judgment.

Such men wear Stetson hats. And it is by noting the shades and shapes which they select each season that Stetson is enabled to forecast with authority the coming hat styles for the rest of the country. For men of this type are looked to for style leadership.

All over the world where smart folk gather, a Stetson is considered the correct hat. This widely recognized Stetson leadership is based on 64 years of continued insistence on the most expert workmanship, the very finest materials, and styles that are unquestionably the best.

Stetson is now making straw hats, the best straws that can be made . . . sailors, leghorns, panamas. In quality and styling, these new Stetson straws live up to those high standards for which Stetson felts have long been famous. Stetson straws may be purchased in all the better stores, the sennit straws from $5, the panamas to $100. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia. Established 1865.

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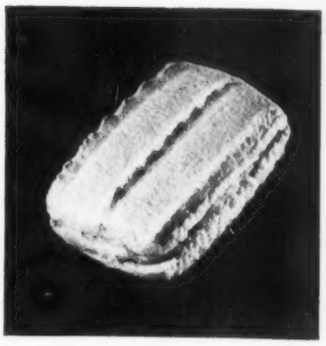
put on a leather bandage, though, and started off. At the first half mile the rough water tore his oar from his hands and slammed the handle behind his back. Yet, broken hand and all, he fought it out of the water, and Cornell caught up again in twenty strokes or so.

Arthur Palmer of Yale, big and serious, has been plugging along in the junior varsity. This year Yale did not begin well, and it was not a good crew until he was put in at stroke. In Columbia's rise to the top of eastern rowing, Horace Davenport has been an important factor. That he is a fine oar is obvious; but such revivals as Columbia has had need spirit, and Davenport has furnished his share of it. As a member of the famous 1926 freshman crew, he burned his ankle on a launch exhaust a few days before the Yale race, yet he stayed in the boat. Last spring he was thought out of it, for he had been seriously ill late in the winter, but he rowed against Yale in the first race of that year. For almost four full seasons he has been the hardest fighter Columbia has had, and Columbia, the joke of the river, needed a fighter badly to lead the way back. Kilroe, who is to stroke Columbia's lightweights at the British Henley regatta, is a superb oar; which is fortunate, for a good stroke can be the making of a strong crew.

ONE is also inclined to forget that there are nine men in every eight-oared shell and that the little chap in the sternsheets is often as important as the rest—as much so as a good jockey in a horse race. Domenech, cox of Columbia's 150-pound crew, is a picturesque little man with a voice like a foghorn and a rasping aggressiveness that gets into his eight. Burke, freckle-faced and Irish, whipped up Cornell's varsity this year, and Colmore, at Princeton, made a reputation as a smart cox.

BEHIND all these, most incognito of all, is the undergraduate manager. He must be a businessman and diplomat; he takes all the complaints intended for the coach, and calms irate alumni who haven't been allowed out in the launch. Every time a crew squad moves, he has to get it—men, oars, rubbers, shells, equipment, and the rest—to its destination on time, feed the men when there, and bring everything back safely. For this he receives a letter, his picture in the annual program, and occasionally the gratitude of at least some of the men.—R. F. K.

Generations of traditional "good living" produced the English Biscuit



Jubilee

DIRECT out of England's famous tradition for good living comes the delicious English Biscuit. It is a crisp, little confection made of the finest blended flours, special pastry butter, fresh milk and new-laid eggs. Often it is flavored with maple, chocolate, or the nectars of fruits, and filled with custard or tasty creams.

Some Americans have gone so far as to import this dainty confection, for it is unexcelled as an accompaniment of dessert, as a safe sweet for children, as a delicacy with tea. But now Weston's English Quality Biscuits are produced by English ovens, traditions and methods in the U. S. A. Crisp and fresh, they can be bought at your grocery store or delicatessen for no more than you have been paying for the ordinary cakes or cookies. George Weston Biscuit Co., Inc., New York—Watertown, Mass.—Toronto, Canada.

WESTON'S ENGLISH QUALITY BISCUITS

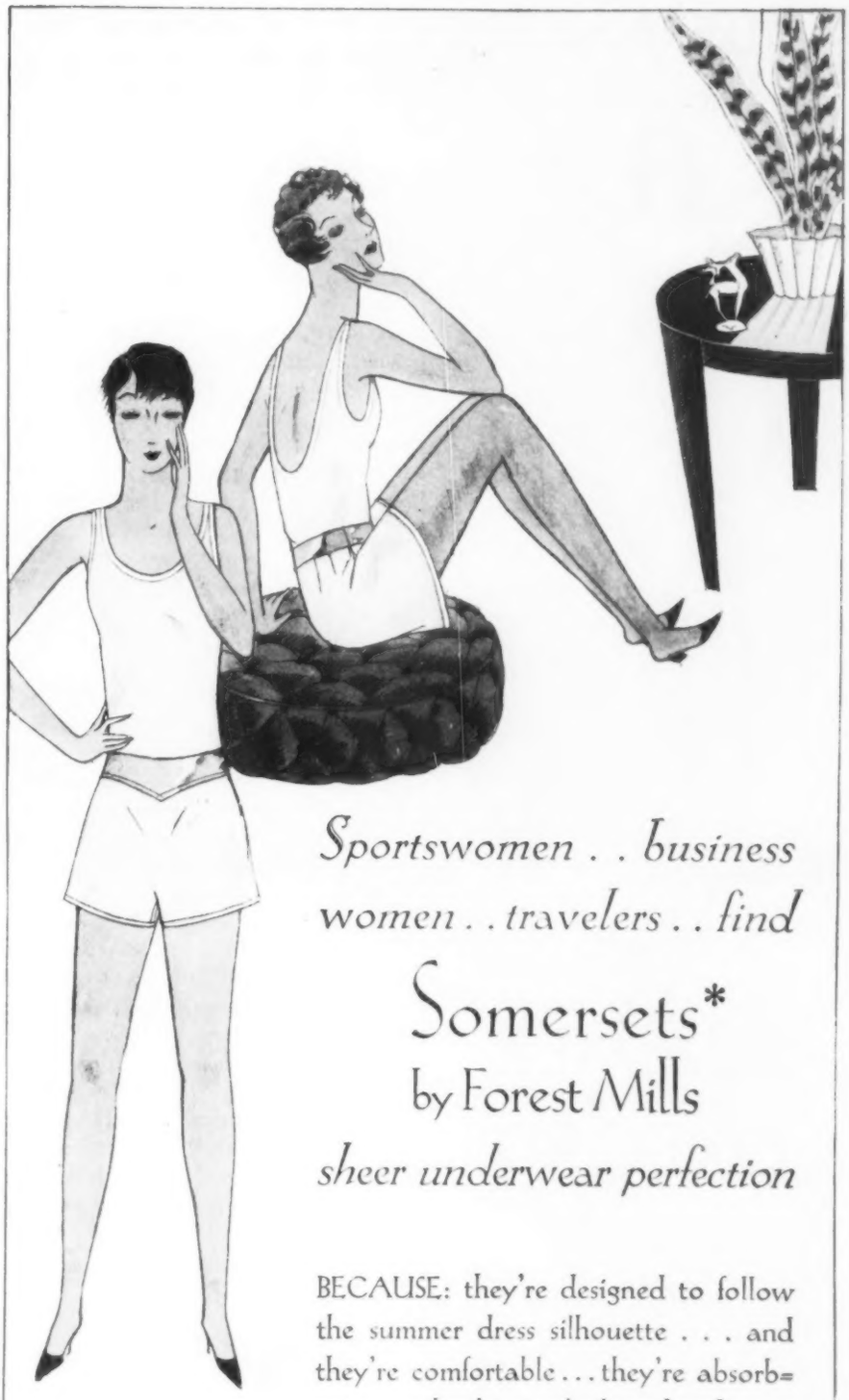
THE RACE TRACK

On Handicapping—A Few Well-Named Two-Year-Olds—Paper Rein

HERE we are past the halfway mark of the idyllic Belmont Park meeting. The extent of the idyll, I know, depends on how the numbers go up on the result board. I believe, so far, backers have had a rather bad time of it, particularly on the big days, and I'm inclined to agree with the old-time backer who, as my friend Moxie the Dice-Cheater would express it, took a bath, and moaned in his anguish: "There ought not to be no last race!" Unfortunately these notes are written before the running of the Metropolitan Handicap and any comments I might make on the first appearances of George Widener's Jack High and the Oak Ridge Stable's Chestnut Oak would be rather incongruous in the light of what has happened in the Withers Mile.

I CONFESS the big handicaps, the Metropolitan, the Suburban this weekend, and the Brooklyn, have a greater interest for me than the more glamorous Preakness or Kentucky Derby, though somehow their fields have a way of drying up. Racegoers, at least some of them, understand about "penalties" and "allowances," and some study the conditions of races which influence the weights carried; but, to most, handicaps seem as casual as Topsy. Walter S. Vosburgh, who in the past thirty years has assigned weights to 215,490 horses, says that theoretically weight is assigned so that all the runners will finish in a dead heat, and Frank Bryan, who handicaps at Pimlico and Woodbine—Canada's Ascot—says that if the topweight, one of the middleweights, and a lightweight finish heads apart, it is a perfect handicap. It is always difficult to make a good one. It is easier to pick holes after it is framed. A handicap made mainly from the material provided by book form can have little individuality.

What the handicapper sees, and he frequently sees more than the stewards, is reflected in the weights. The action, stride, size, temper, and general condi-



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tion of a horse count with him. Many factors that explain the winning and losing of races do not appear in the form charts. The handicapper sees a jockey drop his hands when he realizes he has no chance of winning; or notes a horse "running to get weight off," and the horse doesn't! There are riders who are artists in not showing up a horse too much when he does win, for a horse may win by a neck and have only a pound or two, or twenty pounds in hand, and of this the handicapper must be the judge. All these are sidelights which the average racegoer does not see or forgets, but which the man who assigns the weights sees and remembers. In the minor races it happens frequently that the jockey will ride out for place only when a horse is backed each way. Really, one hardly can blame a trainer for refusing to have his horse butchered to make a backers' holiday.

WHY is it that the more expensive thoroughbreds are such frail and unlucky bits of racing **bric-a-brac**? There's Hustle On, who cost W. R. Coe $70,000 as a yearling two seasons ago but never has carried silks, and recently New Brooms, C. V. B. Cushman's $75,000 yearling, now a two-year-old, bolted through the fence at Belmont Park and has been swathed in bandages and attended day and night by a vet ever since. Perhaps better fortune will come to the Three D's Stable's $65,000 Man o' War colt in his racing ventures here. His name, by the way, is Broadway Limited.

I BELIEVE a good horse deserves a good name. Thoroughbred nomenclature is as intriguing as handicap-

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ping, for the name should indicate both the sire and the dam, but so many owners who attempt this succeed only in evolving a combination that indicates nothing but a lack of imagination. Black Carse, by Black Toney–Friar's Carse, and Sun Dix, by Sun Briar–Dixie, are examples. The H. P. Whitney and Greentree Stable horses invariably are well-named—I believe Mrs. Payne Whitney christens the latter. Two of her best efforts this season are Swept Out, a filly by Whisk Broom II–Last Night, and Shore Leave, a colt by Chantey–Sunday Best. Other names that have taken my fancy are Peeping Tom, a colt by Coventry–Gossip; Lawyer, a colt by Tryster–Entanglement; Hornpipe, a colt by Chantey–Balance; and Swatter, a colt by Broomstick–Gadfly.

THE Honourable George says paper reins should be the equipment for all two-year-olds in their first half-dozen starts.

FAIR AND COOLER AT BELMONT: Joe Davis in plus fours. . . . Larry Waterbury's Florida tan. . . . G. Herbert Walker's iron hat. . . . Fred Johnson a spectator. . . . Ambrose Clark giving riding orders to the Bostwick boys. —AUDAX MINOR

•

ANGLES

Fence-corners were his failing.
These he could not pass
Without a pause to gaze upon
Tall, rail-shadowed grass.

Let mustard-seed or iris,
Goldenrod or clover
Be cornered, and his sickle-blade
Lifted cleanly over,

Left them there for colored
Lighting of a fence
That crooked an arm about his strange
Sharp-angled preference.

—FRANCES M. FROST

•

Police Commissioner Whalen, who has been confined to his home for two weeks by a face infection resulting from an ingrowing hair, will be back at work this morning, it was announced at Police Headquarters last night. The Commissioner went out yesterday for the first time since his illness began. He took a four-mile walk around the reservoir in Central Park. possible," the Rev. Mr. Page said. —*The World.*

Laconically.

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TEE AGRE

Ladies at Greenwich—and Bra

THE caddies at the Greenwich Country Club have had a lot to do this spring. They had just finished looking after the schoolboys who played there for the Interscholastic title when a lot of women turned up at the course and began to compete for some championship or other. That the event was the Women's Metropolitan did not excite the caddies. Like the little gallery of spectators, they took an interest principally in two players—Helen Hicks, the compact, stocky girl from Hempstead who during the Southern season won almost as many tournaments as Horton Smith, and Maureen Orcutt, rangy, broad-shouldered, and diffident, who has come near being National champion several times but never quite made it.

I WAS not sure that I would find any clubhouse when I got to Greenwich. The stories about the fire there last winter gave an impression that the club was entirely destroyed. It is still standing, but it looks different; the wing that burned has been replaced with brick in a handsome style of architecture that I suppose is Georgian. Workmen still had their ladders up; members were doubling in locker-space. Even the course was being changed. The new holes—long par fours laid out on new land behind the old fourth and fifth—will make the course less adapted for women's events. Perhaps I am wrong; to girls who can hit the ball as Miss Hicks and Miss Orcutt do, a few extra yards make little difference. Most of their early rounds were under 85.

Helen Hicks has improved wonderfully. With a handicap of six bisques she would beat all male amateurs except the very best. She doesn't handle her irons as well as Glenna Collett, but her wooden shots are long and pretty. Her clubs are stamped with a peculiar trademark: "Oompah." This is not the maker's signature but an incantation which her teacher engraved across the faces of her drivers and mashies to remind her how to swing. Whenever she addressed the ball she was told to say "Oompah." "Oom" meant to swing back slowly. "Pah" meant to come through with a

GREEN

and Brassies—Hotchkiss Note

snap. From being a memory-device the word came to be associated for her with playing well and having good luck, and now whenever she gets a club she has "Oompah" put on it.

NO professional takes golf as seriously as these girls do. They seldom seem to enjoy it. You won't see them conceding any putts; one will sink her ball leaving the other two inches for a half, then step politely to one side. They watch each other fiercely for a chance to call penalties. In a woman's tournament last year one contestant complained to an official that her opponent continually hummed a tune as she strolled after her ball. "It is insufferable. She only does it to annoy me." Oddly enough, the most temperamental players are not the young ones but women who have been playing in tournaments for years and give all their time to golf, starting in Florida and coming North with the strawberries.

Only a few female tournament stars are good-looking. Most of them have become competent on the links to make up for not having won any dancing contests. There are, of course, exceptions to this. Helen Hicks and Maureen Orcutt come from families in which ability in sport is a tradition. Glenna Collett's father was a professional bicycle rider; Joyce Wethered was coached by her brother Roger, who was known as one of the best amateurs in England before she had any reputation at all. Perhaps the handsomest of the American girls playing golf is Edith Quier, a tall blonde whose father owns the Reading, Pennsylvania, *Eagle*. Edith's mother is sixty years old and looks forty, plays most courses in 90, and at times still beats her daughter.

WHILE the women were playing at Greenwich, George Voigt cleaned up Eugene Homans and Jess Sweetser at Lido. It was the first time that Voigt had done anything to justify his scratch handicap as No. 1 in the Metropolitan ranking. He was in front all the way and had particularly good luck with long spoon and brassie shots from the fairway. These are the prettiest shots in the game when they work right. A good drive is nice to watch or make, but not nearly so difficult; you have had a moment of re-

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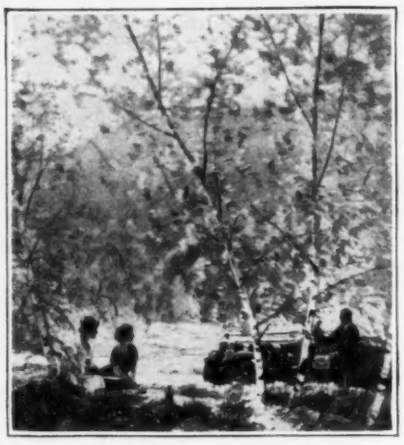

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laxation after sinking your last putt on the green, time to clean your ball or light a cigarette. Every other condition is favorable for placing you at your ease. You tee your ball up the way you want it and take a practice swing. No matter how bad you have been until then, the new hole gives you another chance. There is no strain about the shot, either, because unless the hole is a one-shot carry you know that even if your drive goes wrong you may still recover. You don't even have to make the ball land in any special place. The fairway is wide, and as long as you stay on it you are all right.

A brassie to the green is harder. Even if the turf is well clipped and rolled, the ball has usually found some minute depression to rest in. And now you have a target—the little green up there, no bigger than your hat, with the flag making a bright spot on it. It's only two hundred yards, but two hundred yards from the fairway looks twice as far as the same distance from the tee; you hold your club tight, push your right hand against the shaft, and watch the ball curl away toward the wood on the left. The next time you have a brassie shot to make you are determined not to hook, but the green still looks far away and you hurry your swing. Few golfers forget their best brassie shots. The way the ball looked as it rose in a straight line, lined on the pin, falling just in time to roll up dead—you told your family about it at dinner. You may have been beaten, but that made no difference if you got a fine brassie shot.

YOUNG Sidney Noyes, who won the Interscholastic, will probably receive as many letters from alumni "school committees" of various colleges as a prep-school fullback in the days when an athlete could get tuition, board, and a B. A. degree for taking Sacred Studies and English. Naturally, Sidney Noyes will not let anything influence him in his choice of a college, for he attends Hotchkiss, and Hotchkiss graduates go to Yale, unless they go to Princeton. Noyes already holds all the junior championships of New York and Westchester. The headmaster of Hotchkiss ought to let him come down here to play in the Metropolitan Amateur. —N. B., JR.

•

QUEEN HAS SLIGHT CHILL—MONARCH GIVES BRITISH MUSEUM RARE JAPANESE TABLET—*Headline in the Times.*

We all lose our head sometimes.

VACATION PIN MONEY

WHAT with vacation time almost at hand, most of New York's prominent society women have turned their thoughts toward the subject of pin money. These women have squandered their allowances for the past ten or eleven months and now they are wondering where they are going to get enough money together to spend three or four weeks in Scranton. As the subject of pin money is of particular interest to New York society women at this time, three hints on how to replenish the family treasury will be given herewith.

ONE of the most unusual plans that has been instituted here for several seasons was originated by one of the younger matrons last season. This matron cleaned up a pile of money simply by thinking up things for people. At first she called only on the larger offices in the downtown section and thought up things for the captains of industry. Later, after this field was exhausted, she made a house-to-house canvass and thought up things for the poor.

The writer of this article happened to be one of the first that this matron called upon. I was sitting behind my mahogany desk when she appeared. She wore a little sport jacket topped off with a graceful dimity beret. She told me she was working her way through college thinking up things for people and asked me if I didn't want something thought up. It just happened that I had thought up a lot of things myself that morning and I told her so. She was undaunted. She said there surely must be some little thing I wanted thought up. This matron was too hard to resist, so finally I let her think up a few little things for me of not much importance. She thought them up very nicely and I paid her well. If more women would adopt this unique method of raising pin money, they would get a lot bigger and better vacations.

SEVERAL of the more prominent society matrons of New York made considerable pin money last year simply by searching for and finding coins. They would look anywhere and everywhere. I ran into a couple of these ladies on Vesey Street last spring. They were walking along with their eyes glued to the gutter and sidewalk, and each one carried a little sack into which she put her coins whenever she found

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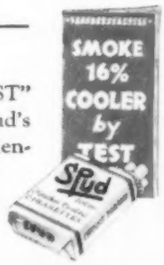

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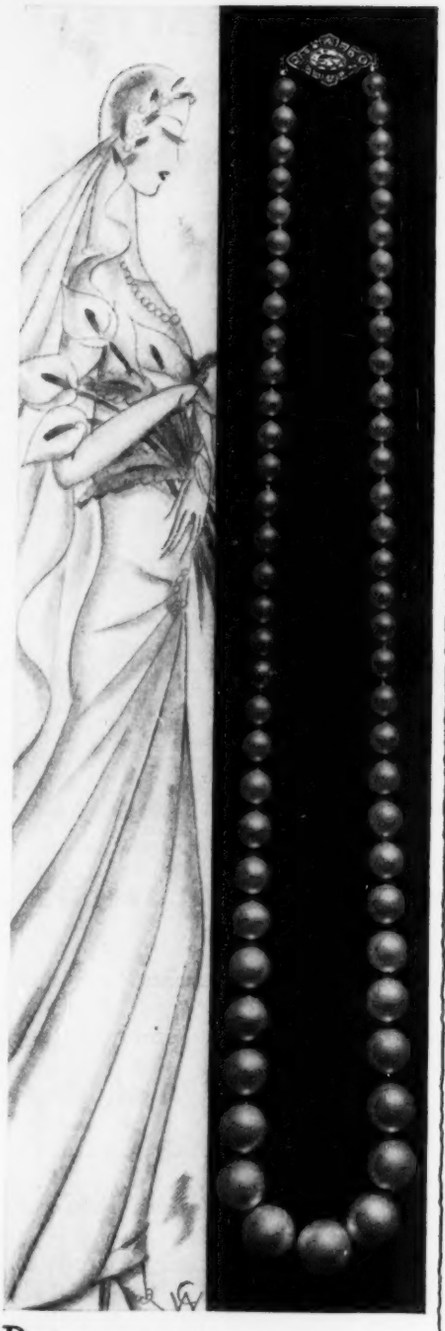

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RICHELIEU PEARLS

one. The eldest of these two ladies stopped me.

"Brother," said she, "you don't happen to know of any good places to hunt money around here, do you?"

I told them about a place I knew in Lexington Avenue where a good coin-hunter could generally pick up a few pieces of change. They seemed very grateful for this information and started off, working their way in the direction of Lexington Avenue. I never saw them again.

THREE other society women earned their vacation money last season with the old "dead horse" trick and all three of them cleaned up. One of the women, who was known as their "come-on," would stop a stranger on the street and ask him if he knew where she could buy a dead horse. Usually the stranger would answer in the negative. Then the woman would flash a huge roll of bills and say that she would pay twelve hundred dollars for a dead horse if she could get one in the next four or five hours. She would wind up by giving the stranger her name and address and would then walk rapidly away.

As soon as the "come-on" was out of sight, the other two women would emerge from an alley carrying a dead horse. In nine cases out of ten the stranger would approach them and want to buy it. The two women would then tell him that their dead horse was a keepsake and that they couldn't part with it for less than six hundred dollars. The stranger would invariably pay that amount after figuring up his profit. Once the amount was paid, the two women would step into their waiting limousine and drive off. Imagine the astonishment and chagrin of the stranger when he would present himself with the dead horse at the address given him by the "come-on," only to find that no such person lived there. He would usually get mad and throw the dead horse away. The three women, who were lurking in the vicinity, would then gather it up and do their trick all over again, without being put to the expense of acquiring a new corpse.

—JOE W. SAVAGE

•

I AM NOT lonesome, but I want new correspondents. I have brown hair and blue eyes and weigh 109 pounds. I have lots of snaps. Pal 4318—*Love Romances.*

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ON THE AIR

Mr. Husing Makes a Guess—Hoboken in the Home—The New Sets

BOTH of the broadcasting systems that pumped the details of the Kentucky Derby into thousands of pious homes were up against the horrid necessity of having to string out for an hour an event worth only fifteen minutes on the air. The result was that both broadcasts sounded like the accounts of reporters working on space rates. Graham McNamee, of the National Broadcasting Company, was assisted by two local announcers from Louisville, but poor Ted Husing, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, who had the longest session on the air, had to talk interminably on the vastness of the crowd, the nervousness of the horses, and the general dampness of the weather.

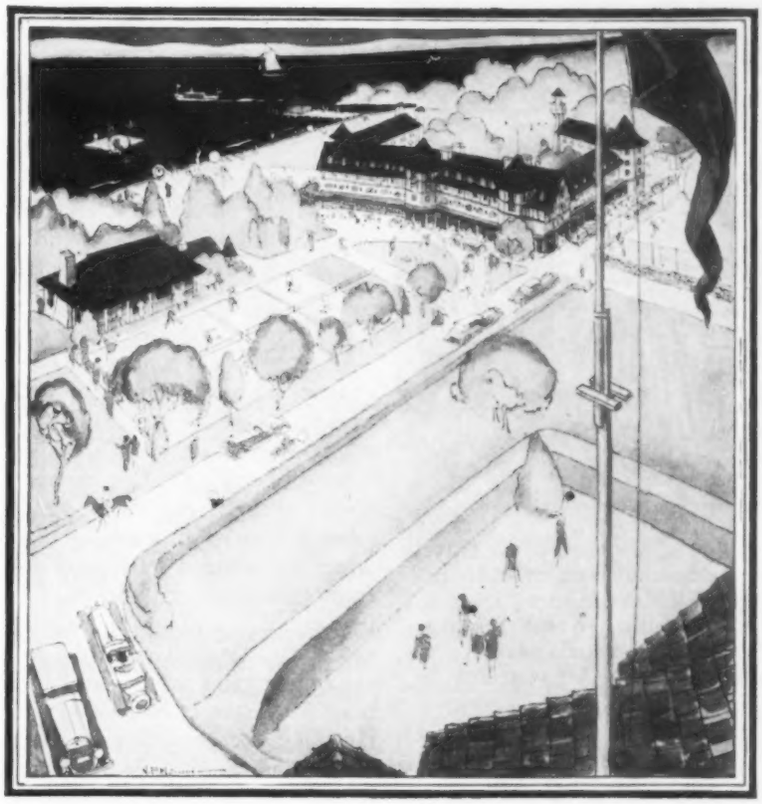
When the race finally did come off, Mr. Husing couldn't distinguish one horse from another, what with the mud and the dark skies, so he had to think fast and make a guess at the leaders. He guessed badly. When the winners were announced they proved to be total strangers. Mr. McNamee probably fared just as roughly. As no one, however, can listen to two announcers during the brief minutes of a race, we selected Mr. Husing, for he has sharper eyes than Mr. McNamee and a faster tongue—and he hasn't Mr. McNamee's fatal failing of trying desperately and frantically to find a joke to fill in those nervous gaps.

In his description before the race, Mr. McNamee seemed to be laughing to hide a broken heart. He didn't seem able to work himself up into a fine frenzy, probably because racing is not a good radio sport, like football or baseball. There are few listeners-in who would die for dear old Clyde Van Dusen or urge good old Blue Larkspur to fight until the last white line is passed. Mr. McNamee seemed to feel the apathy of the audience.

THE Eveready Hour has gone Hoboken and dished up a revival of "Under the Gaslight" which turned out to be a masterpiece, compared with most of the radio sketches that are presented with a straight face. Moreover, you are saved from a trip to New Jersey and the anguish of being sur-

Golf...AND

utter living comfort at St. Andrews



"MAN, but it's a grand place, St. Andrews!" said the Old Golfer. "I've played every course, from Olympia's four radiating from one clubhouse, to Shinnecock... but I tell you these new golf architects will have to go a long way to beat St. Andrews' 18. The turf's ripened . . . I've never seen holes take prettier playing . . . the sea-air off Fundy is great... there's plenty of up-and-down without too much steepness. The hotel knows how to make you comfortable. Yes, people dress for dinner... dinner's worthy of it. A fine dignified group of sportsmen and sports families living a fine dignified life." Opens June 22. Details from Canadian Pacific: New York, 344 Madison Ave., at 44th... Boston, 405 Boylston St.... Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd. Or write

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rounded by an audience that is hell-bent on doing the quaint and amusing thing. For real humor, however, no radio hour can touch those beautiful moments with Bernarr Macfadden slipped to you by WOR on Friday evenings. Here is stuff that comes straight from the heart, and presented without the slightest sneer of condescension. Here are the tales of the girls Who Didn't Know He Was a Married Man, Whose Parents Never Told Them, and Who Were Only Wild Little Flappers Eager to Taste the Joys of Life. Mr. Macfadden's True Stories have been such a glowing success that he is enlarging his air service to include True Detective Mysteries, and this listener can hardly wait until he gets around to giving an hour devoted to Dance Lovers.

TO go from broadcasting to a few words about some of the new receiving sets: All the new ones are equipped with screen-grid tubes, which I wouldn't explain even if you were silly enough to ask me to. I do know, though, that with screen-grid tubes you can isolate a small station even when it is flooded by a mess of music from a more powerful neighbor. That is to say, if you can get a station at all, you can get it well. All the new sets are aiming more for tone and selectivity than for distance, because getting distance is too dependent on weather, location, and the patience of your family.

The Philco's makers promise one that will bring in local stations without an aerial or ground wire—which sounds like magic—and that will give you the prizefights from the low-wavelength Madison Square Garden even if you live in the suburbs, which is even more magic. The new Eveready is sealed against humidity and changes of temperature; the Zenith has automatic tuning, which means that you get your station by pressing a lever instead of twirling a dial; and the Atwater Kent is said to perform beautifully under the most adverse local conditions. One model of the Kolster has automatic tuning with remote control. This means that there is a small box on the end of a cable which you may take to any room in the house and there, by a simple system of lights and buttons, operate your set and have your choice of six different stations.

Incidentally, this is a good time of year to select a radio set, because any set that can fight down the summer static is pretty sure to be a riot when the cool weather comes. —A. S.

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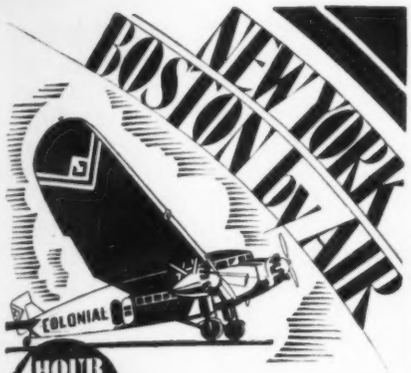

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THE SKY LINE

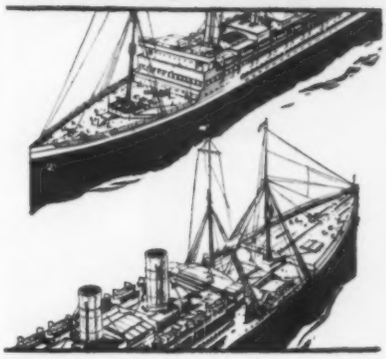
One Silver Lining—Madison Mixture—And Contents Noted

FROM our humble scrivening point of view any cessation of building activity has its bright side, for it may allow us to catch up with the architectural parade which has been leaving us in the ruck. Our busy builders have actually been putting up buildings faster than we could talk about them. We have been trying for weeks to get downtown for a conscientious examination of Delano & Aldrich's Brown Brothers' Building, at 59 Wall Street; to date we have had time only for a glimpse. It is an impressive and romantic structure. There is something feudally fine in the treatment of the setbacks, and we were conscious of a sense of great bulk and weight, in agreeable contrast to the feeling we have about many New York buildings—that they are thin and papery, and likely to blow away any moment. This is particularly true of the designs which try to look baronial and solid. The Brown Brothers' Building achieves solidity without seeming to try.

Incidentally, we have heard people complain that it is impossible to see many of our skyscrapers in their entirety. Professional photographers tear their hair over this difficulty, which is a real one, but to our mind we are compensated by the very huddling together of our giant structures, and by the accidental compositions of mass and silhouette which make the lower city marvellous.

HOWEVER, to return to our native habitat in and about the Grand Central. Some time ago, we published the complaint of a correspondent who found in the hall of the New York Central Building samples of all styles from Pullman to Paramount. True, it is lavish and opulent, but it is done with the grand air of Louis XIV, the deity of Warren & Wetmore. It is bold, colorful, and masculine. We are getting a little fed up on prettiness; the sanguinary marble trim of this *salle de parade* is not pretty. It is the red meat of a vigorous period when kings were kings and architects were princes. We do

doubled



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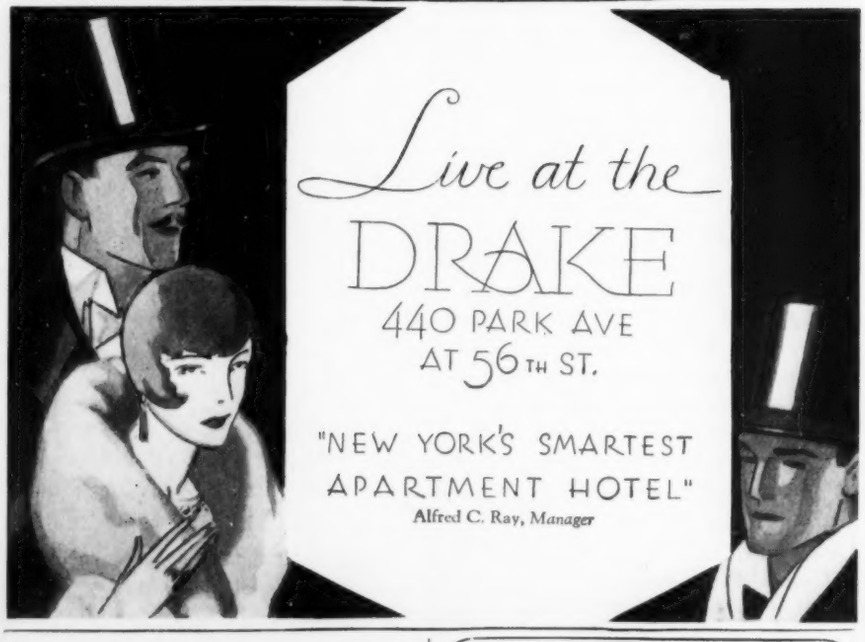

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object to the sprawling iron brackets which carry the elevator signs. They seem to us to interrupt the sweep of the arches and lessen the dignity of the design.

MADISON AVENUE is the scene of feverish activity in building. Some of the architectural results are good and some quite otherwise. In this latter class we would certainly place the new structure at 400 Madison Avenue, which is distressingly pretentious in design. At the top it breaks out in a riot of battlements and machicolations that seem entirely unnecessary. And oh, the unevenness of the stone jointing! We turned away in dismay and were rewarded by better design and far more convincing craftsmanship.

There is, for instance, a little six-story building, No. 16 East Fiftieth Street, opposite the Cathedral. It is an unpretentious, flat-faced façade made interesting by horizontal lines of edged-out brick between floors, the same treatment being used vertically at the upper parapet. The brick is an agreeable salmon-pink with a nice variation. Nothing could be simpler than this straightforward design. It is almost factory architecture, with no false ornament about it. As such, it came as a blessed relief after what we had seen. The architects of this small building are De Young & Moscowitz.

Farther up Madison Avenue, on the east side, are two husky additions to

the commercial type of buildings which are rising so rapidly. One, No. 499, at Fifty-second Street, was designed by J. E. R. Carpenter; the other, No. 509, a block above, owes its origin to Robert T. Lyons. Both are frank expressions of good brickwork carried on limestone bases. The Carpenter design, in our opinion, would be better without the panels of ornament which interrupt the stone surfaces. Their scale seems too fine. The Lyons design is bolder and shows an imaginative use of brick. Both fall readily into that large class of simple buildings which, by ingenious adaptation to the mandates of the set-back law, are adding much to the interest of our city landscape.

A COMMUNICATION lies before us which we respectfully bring to the attention of the firm of York & Sawyer. The writer, speaking of the new New York Athletic Club Building, says: "What is keeping me awake nights is this: Why did they put their loggia on the street side—where they have a magnificent view of the Jolson Theatre, United States tires, et al—and not an inch of veranda or view on the Central Park side? It haunts me. . . . When people are willing to sell their soul or something to have a tiny glimpse of the Park, here they blandly turn their back on it, putting tiny windows on that side which make it look like a jail. Why didn't they have, on at least one floor, a broad spacious place where one could sit and have coffee and see the Park? Will you do me the favor to try to discover the reason and let me know?"

We aim to please and the question is herewith submitted, but we must admit it is a hard one to answer.—T-SQUARE

•

INSPIRATION

I've put off this poem
  As long as I'm able.
I've cleaned out a drawer
  And dusted a table,
I've filled a decanter
  And lighted a lamp,
I've counted the robins
  Out in the damp
And straightened an etching
  And pulled the shade higher
And watered the ivy
  And mended the fire
Till now I'm reduced
  To that last desperation
Where nothing remains
  But the joy of creation!

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

TOURNAMENT

at the New

MANOIR RICHELIEU

at MURRAY BAY,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

JULY 13th

THE annual Invitation Amateur Tournament will be held on the Manoir Richelieu Links on July 13th. Play will be open to all amateurs and will be for the Manoir Richelieu Golf Shield.

This shield was offered for the first time last season and carries the name of W. Darling, of the Whitlock Golf Club, the winner. Winners are presented with smaller replicas of the shield, and their names are inscribed on the original trophy.

A number of well known amateur players have expressed their intention to compete, and most of the crack players from the Murray Bay Golf Club will be entered in this competition.

The Manoir Richelieu Links are among the most beautiful on the continent, being laid out on the broad brow of the Laurentians, high above the fourteen mile width of the St. Lawrence river. The New Manoir Richelieu, which draws visitors from all parts of the world, will be especially gay and interesting during Tournament Week.

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is "rainbow man"—thru a mist of tears you see the rainbow . . . and at the end, eddie dowling, representing the pot of gold . . . there's singing, talking, weeping and laughing . . . paramount and sonoart.

on the stage

fresh up from new haven is "rah, rah, rah," with rudy vallee and his conn. yankees ... old joe college just as blue as blue can be

and at the organs

are mr. and mrs. crawford, spoused and espousing, mirth, melody, the pursuit of music . . . tantivy, tantivy, tantivy.

at the rivoli—united artists

would you believe it? "this is heaven" presented by samuel goldwyn; customers are requested to bring their own clouds — no harps allowed, for in it is vilma banky, just an hungarian rhapsody

at the rialto

are marx, marx, marx and marx in "the cocoanuts", paramount's laugh of laughs; only "old ironsides" could sail serenely thru this bombardment of merriment and still retain her maidenly composure.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Four Cocoanuts

THAT momentous show, "The Cocoanuts," has been transferred, with the resilient quartet of Marx brothers, to the screen, and is to be observed in this form at the Rialto Theatre. Go and see it if you want to be amused, for it is one of the funniest pictures in many seasons.

It is as a funny picture and not as a musical comedy, not for its songs, pretty girls, or spectacular scenes, that "The Cocoanuts" succeeds. Neither Mary Eaton nor Oscar Shaw, who contribute the "love interest," is effective, nor are the chorus scenes in the least superior to others of the same sort in various musical-comedy movies now running in town. To the Marxes belongs the success of the show, and their peculiar talents seem, surprisingly enough, even more manifest on the screen than on the stage.

In their antics there is that stuff which makes the convulsing, uproarious laughter associated in our memory with the early Chaplin pictures, though when one sees those films revived, as they are now and then, the fun somehow seems to have passed from them. That old-time laughter may be found again, I think, in this new picture.

THIS musical comedy was contrived, you may remember, by George S. Kaufman around the general theme of the Florida boom, and if my memory does not betray me, there has been little change in the book. Groucho's speech to his hotel employees, the speech to Chico on the subject of the blueprint maps, the auction, the ridiculous scene in the hotel bedrooms are all there, and in this instance the talking mechanism has not failed, even when there are such close and preposterous plays on words that one might easily expect it to become muddled. Groucho's voice carries them to the audience clearly and without effort.

It is only, in fact, in the rendering of the sentimental songs that the talking machinery seems to fall down. The musical features are nondescript and

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"INNOCENTS OF PARIS"
CRITERION B'way at 44th—Twice Daily, 2:45 and 8:45—3 shows Sunday, 3, 6, 8:45

LEXINGTON NEWS
June 1, 2, 3: JOHN GILBERT in "Desert Nights"; June 4 to 7: Singing, talking: AL JOLSON in "SINGING FOOL"; June 8 to 10 Ramon Novarro singing in "THE PAGAN"
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Journey's End

BY R. C. SHERRIFF

unimportant. It is as a kind of slapstick farcical extravaganza that the film succeeds, old-fashioned in the broad flatness of its humor. The fun our untutored senses used to find in pie-throwing farces can be found now in the cavortings of Harpo and Groucho and Chico.

PICTURES with more pretense to the staid dignity of our maturity are disappointing this week. It's a long run from "The Cocoanuts" to "The Black Watch," and the latter is hardly worth the effort. This film, which is at the Gaiety, was based on a novel reported to be entertaining, so one expects the picture to be better than it is. It starts off well with a scene in the officers' mess of the famous Scottish regiment for which the picture is named, and some glimpses of the early days of the war seem promising. Then the action switches to India, and in spite of occasional fine views of mountain passes swathed in mists, and some studies of minarets and various turbaned characters, it slumps sadly. Myrna Loy's increasingly appreciated beauty is displayed in her rôle of a young woman who is considered a goddess by the "hill people." Victor McLaglen looks the part as a Scottish officer, and several times in the picture, which is all-talking, he lapses noticeably into Highland dialect.

OUR higher intelligence is also appealed to this week by the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, which has at last, after years of crusading in the name of truth, beguiled the Board of Censors to release "Witchcraft Through the Ages." Why the censors should have worried about this picture is as inexplicable as so many of their harassments are. Nor does the crusade of the theatre seem worth the trouble. There are some quaint old prints of witches on broomsticks, those traditional Chevrolets of the ladies of that species, and we are shown how persecuted elderly females were at any suspicion of witchcraft. We are taught, too, that if we still cherish four-leaf clovers we are not superior to those of our ancestors who believed in love potions brewed from the eyes of newts and the like. All in all it's a pretty dreary picture. —J. C. M.

•

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FUN FOR THE KIDDIES

MADAM PRESIDENT, Father O'Brien, Professor Schwartz, Mr. Oxenreed, and fellow members of Afternoon Delphian—I want to tell you all before our distinguished guests this afternoon what a treat it has been to work on the Playground Committee. As you know, we have been working together on the project of preparing the site at Elm and Pershing Road for a summer playground for the kiddies, so that conditions at Sunnycliffe Terrace Playground wouldn't be so crowded as they were last summer. When you have too many children in one spot, there is always danger from swings and sanitary conditions, so we have been quietly working together since last March on attending to the details of getting the new grounds at Elm and Pershing ready for the end of school. I am very happy to report that thanks to our distinguished guests and Mr. Sullivan, of the Rotary Club, who was not able to be present, why we have accomplished a great deal. To put it briefly, we are to have another playground.

Professor Schwartz and Mr. Oxenreed and Father O'Brien are scheduled to speak themselves, still I want to say a few introductory words so that they won't let their modesty—uh—minimize any of their own accomplishments.

SUPPOSE I tell you about Father O'Brien's part in the work. Father O'Brien is naturally interested in the parochial school children and naturally he also wants to see to it that they enjoy every advantage possible. So when we asked Father O'Brien if he would coöperate, why he said he was only too glad. Just to prove how Father O'Brien caught the spirit, he called me up the other day and said he has decided to donate two slides, one for the big kiddies and one for the smaller ones, out of his own personal means, and that St. Monica's Parish would bear half the cost of the fence which we thought it would be a good idea to place around the plot at Elm and Pershing. I am sure we'll all give Father O'Brien a splendid reception when it comes time for him to speak.

And of course there is Professor Schwartz. We sort of took for granted that Professor Schwartz could be depended upon for his usual ready assistance. Well, Professor Schwartz heard through some mysterious chan-

nels [laughter] that we were working on this new playground and he called me up and volunteered any help he could offer. So next day Professor Schwartz posted a bulletin on the high-school bulletin board announcing that points would be awarded to any student who did work in preparing the playground. I suppose some of you don't know what these points mean. Well, every year a silver loving cup is given to the student who makes the most points. You get points for being football captain, some points for just playing on the team, and others for going out for football. Also for the publications and press club and French society—Cercle Française—and dramatic club and so on. All activities entitle you to a certain number of points.

Of course this cup—the Henry W. Fitch, Junior, Memorial Cup, given by the Fitches who used to live here in honor of their son who was killed in the war—this cup is the highest honor you can get outside of studies, isn't it, Professor Schwartz? . . . So naturally we can expect to have quite a big crowd of boys working around the playground, helping to clear up. This coöperation will be fine, I am sure.

Mr. Oxenreed, as some of you may know, is from the railroad company. We're not going to jump on you, Mr. Oxenreed, and demand a new railroad station before you leave us [laughter]. But we are going to ex-

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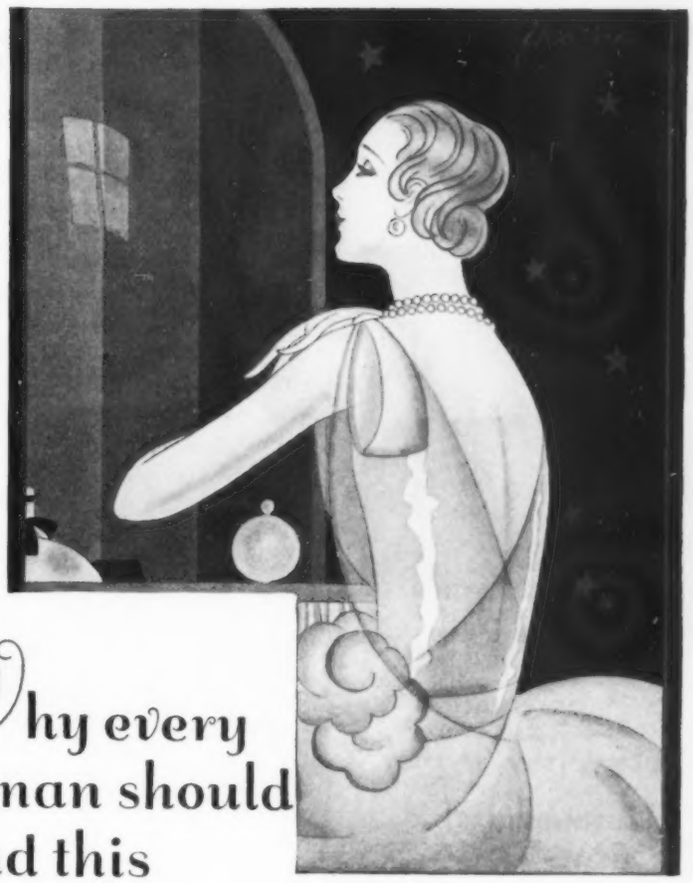

Why every woman should read this *about the* LINIT *Beauty Bath*

HERE is the way women everywhere are using the new Linit Beauty Bath for a soft, smooth skin:

They merely dissolve half a package of Linit in the bath—bathe as usual, using their favorite soap.

Velvet couldn't be smoother than your skin after a Linit Beauty Bath.

This soft, satiny "feel" comes from an extremely thin "layer" of Linit—invisible to the eye—left on the skin after the bath. This thin, porous coating of powder is *evenly* spread—not in spots that it may clog the pores—but *thinly* and *evenly* distributed over all parts of the body.

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Surrounded by the dignity of churches

With Construction as Noteworthy as the Surroundings!

Now for the first time you can take the elevator to the upper floors of this new building and appreciate the residential quiet and pleasant sunny, airy outlook over Avenue, street and adjoining church property.

And you can see in the making the rare quality in construction which enhances its attractiveness as a residential investment.

Note the assurance of quiet in the apartments, all of which have flues or stairways between — or Flax-li-Num sound proofing in double partitions. The floors of Ritter clear quartered oak, are soundproofed with *two* separated layers of Hydrex Saniflor. Note such details as brass pipes throughout — bathrooms tiled 6'6" high — Frigidaire "cold controlled" refrigeration and every other factor that makes for comfort and convenience in living. Then you will appreciate why 41 of the 73 apartments have already been sold.

A 100% cooperative building with apartments of 4, 5, 6 and 7 rooms, at prices from $14,000. All with open fireplaces, some with glass enclosed loggias. 5 year terms of payment may be arranged. Occupancy this summer.

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tend our heartfelt thanks for your coöperation. Through Mr. Oxenreed we have been assured of a liberal supply of sand for the kiddies' sandboxes and also all the cinders we will need for the various paths and roadways in the playground. It seems there is some law against the railroad company giving us the sand, so they are going to put a car full of sand down near the station and so if it happens that some of it is taken away by unknown parties, why who is going to do anything about it? The same goes for the cinders.

IT'S too bad Mr. Sullivan wasn't able to come, but I am very pleased myself to be able to make his announcement for him, because it is also, in a way, an Afternoon Delphian announcement. The Rotary Club has guaranteed the salary of a playground instructor for the whole season, which is splendid, but do you know who the playground instructor is to be? None other than Forrest Inness, Mrs. Inness' son whom we all know and is quite a football star at Yale. He is to be the instructor for the boys. Miss Fielding, who teaches physical culture and hygiene at the high school, will be in charge of the girls, and Rotary has also guaranteed her salary for the season. And so we are all "set," as the youngsters say, except for two or three hundred dollars to pay for the labor of installing equipment and other such work around the grounds. This can be secured very easily I am sure, and the details of that can be left up to the Financial Committee. Now at this time I think we ought to give a rising vote of thanks to our distinguished guests and then listen to what they have to say about this additional victory for Afternoon Delphian!

—JOHN O'HARA

•

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[Room card in the Hotel Gloria, Rio de Janeiro]

Rio de Janeiro is situated within the tropical zone, and therefore there is a large percentage of humidity in the air, specially during the night. In order to prevent colds, and stomach chills, we strongly recommend during the cool season to sleep with closed windows.

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MADE at the table or in the library. Always the same—clear, limpid, amber, made in glass—Silex method—no bitter metallic taste, no harmful after effects. Last cup tastes as good as the first, good GOOD. You've had it this way at Huyler's and smart coffee shops. Now make it this way at home in the new silver after dinner SILEX.

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SILEX
de luxe crystalline (heatproof) glass—silver handle, top and stand
4-cup and 8-cup sizes

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nickel for gas or electricity—colors for alcohol
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yellow
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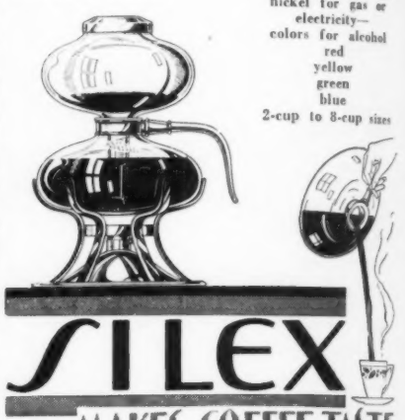

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RECENT BOOKS

Mr. Wells' Super-Epic —Well-Bred Madness— Three Taken From Life

THIS week's most embarrassing moment for us came as we plunged into a new book by H. G. Wells —and one heralded on the jacket as something more than a new book, as a new art form—only to discover that it was nothing less than a motion-picture scenario. And what could be less than that? Mr. Wells has been studying the cinema and he is all worked up into a frenzy over two startling discoveries: (1) That the screen reaches a larger audience than the stage or literature, and that this audience, by the mere fact of its numbers, is democratic and international; (2) that because of the scope of the camera, the screen is able to depict effects that are not possible to the stage.

With these two discoveries preying on his mind, Mr. Wells concocts a scenario with the De Million title of "The King Who Was a King." It is not one of your plain "now the hero socks the villain" scripts, but a super-epic, history-making production designed to promote world peace, bring new art to the screen, and wreck financially anyone bedazzled enough to produce it.

As a movie scenario, "The King Who Was a King" is none of this department's business. It happens, however, that Mr. Wells chooses to disguise the thing as a book. Instead of writing his story as a novel Mr. Wells describes it, as though he were telling you all about a movie in great detail. If you ever have had anyone describe a movie to you scene by scene you will know what *that* means. Mr. Wells' movie is particularly hard to listen to because he not only employs enough technical tricks to shame even Cecil B. De Mille, but he also runs wild on the sort of wooden symbolism and rampant spectacle only used by movie producers when they have too much money and not enough story, which is all too often.

AFTER the shouting propaganda of Mr. Wells' scenario, it is a real

Hardened TRAVELERS *wept with* JOY

"No ordinary travel gadget, this"—such was the consensus of experienced opinion in fashionable New York shops last month, when Tecs were first introduced in THE NEW YORKER.

For Tecs relieve the traveler (and who is not a traveler now and then?) of that distressing problem—where to pack the shoes.

Shoes are unruly traveling mates. Even dainty pumps and slippers leave their often ineradicable marks on lovely lingerie. And men's shoes! What virile male has not made blue the early morning air with curses at the discovery of footprints on the only extra shirt?

Tecs are simply little knitted bags. You just slip each shoe into its own Tecs and pack it anywhere. They fit with glove-like snugness. Thus, clothes cannot be soiled nor shoes scratched.

Tecs come in many color combinations; bright cheerful hues in pleasing contrast. You can get them at most smart stores and shops, and the price is somewhat less than "moderate." They are most welcome gifts, and bridge prizes. Knit Goods Specialty Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

TECS
. . . chic new . . .
traveling bags for shoes

THOSE ARE HARSH WORDS SIR!

This is a little drama of the 80's. Scene: Old Delmonico's. Edward Stokes has just punched the nose of James Gordon Bennett, (Editor of the New York Herald).*

Since 1879 Melachrino has been a world favorite. Today, *wherever* people of good taste gather, you'll find Melachrino, as at old Delmonico's fifty years ago. Try the refinement and mildness of this fine old cigarette!

Do You Play Bridge? Then Clip This Coupon

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Gentlemen: Please send me your Melachrino-Bridge offer of (1) 60 Melachrino Cigarettes—Cork tips, Straw tips and Plain ends, (2) the score pad with the latest rules of contract bridge, (3) two packs of the famous gilt-edge Congress Cards, *free of any advertising*, bearing my monogram, $4.75 value, for which I enclose my check for $2.50. B. 6-1-29

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*Ref. "History of Old New York and the House of Delmonico."

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QUALITY STANDS THE TEST OF TIME

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relief to turn to "The Green Parrot," which is a restrained little study of a simple case of incest. The Princess Marthe Bibesco tells her story of aristocratic decadence in a romantic, almost mythological way which convinces you that this is no commonplace tragedy but really the Better Sort of Lunacy. The members of this family of noble Russian exiles go mad in a casual, well-bred way, almost apologizing for any inevitable melodrama. As for the besetting sin of the family, it is more imagined than real; the unhappy Sieglinde goes through life blighted by the loss of a Siegmund who died as a child and whom she never remembered distinctly. The strange story is gracefully and adroitly told and, for all its delicacy, maintains an effective feeling of horror.

NOW for three thoroughly satisfying books, none of which happens to be a novel. If you haven't read Commander Edward Ellsberg's story of the raising of the submarine S-51, by all means do so. In "On the Bottom," Commander Ellsberg gives you a complete and thrilling account of all the bravery, the patience, and the skill that went into lifting the thousand-ton hulk of the craft from the bed of the ocean and bringing it into dry-dock in New York. In all that aggravating and unhappy task, the Commander seems to have cussed less than Miss Joan Lowell did in one paragraph.

The high points of the narrative are the exploits of the deep-sea divers. The Commander became so enthralled with the work of his diving crew that he took lessons and went down himself, thereby violating the fine old naval traditions of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

ANDRÉ GIDE's "Travels in the Congo" exhibits a civilized and sensitive man breaking his heart, losing his health, and torturing his nerves when confronted by a brutal and sordid panorama. When an Anglo-Saxon faces a pagan world, he sees things either as a missionary or a romanticist. M. Gide is a Frenchman and a realist. He fails to see beauty or sex significance in the primitive dances; the women are old and hideous, the music is monotonous, and the dust kicked up by the dancers irritates his throat. The jungle landscape is often tedious. The dirt of the negro villages revolts his very soul.

M. Gide is not thrown into ecstasies by superficial wonders, but he is pro-

foundly moved by the tragic state of the native population. In vain does he try reading Goethe, taking sleeping powders, and chasing exotic butterflies; the miseries of the natives haunt his trip, and he writes of them with pity and without disdain. With its distinguished writing, its fine thinking, and its dramatic undercurrent of a deep personal experience, M. Gide's book stands far above the run of travel literature.

JUST because there has been a surfeit of books about Lincoln, don't pass up "Myths After Lincoln," by Lloyd Lewis. Mr. Lewis' book is one to be read after you have finished the biographies. By beginning with Lincoln's death, he avoids any repetition of familiar material. Instead, he gives you a gauge of Lincoln's greatness by showing the complete moral collapse of the nation after the assassination. The richest chapters are those quoting the speeches and editorials immediately following Lincoln's death, in which the numskulls of the country dismissed the dead President as a softhearted and ineffectual saint, and hailed Andrew Johnson as a man of iron, strong enough to save the whole desperate situation. There are several chapters, too, about the fantastic John Wilkes Booth that make rare reading. As a picture of a nation in a pathological state of hysteria and bitterness, Mr. Lewis' book is worth your attention, even aside from its interest as a contribution to Lincoln legends.

AS for the books which you may take or leave at your own discretion, there is Viña Delmar's "Loose Ladies," a collection of short stories in the tabloid style by a lady who knows her Grand Concourse. They have the merit of being simply and unaffectedly written. "One Man's War," by Lieutenants Bert Hall and John J. Niles, is a gay, dashing story of the Lafayette Escadrille and is recommended to those who cannot get enough of aviation. —A. W. S.

•

The Dobbs *Blazer* Hat, with exclusive handwrought trim of unique invention, is made by hand from the exquisite Dobbs felt in a new shape which has a unique advantage in that it may be worn with the front at the back or the back at the front—as fancy dictates.—*Adv. in the Times.*

As fancy in this case somewhat redundantly dictates.

IT IS SUGGESTED that arrangements be made for next season's suite at The Barclay before leaving the city for the Summer. Naturally a hotel characterized by such a superlative service cannot meet all last minute demands for its accommodations.

The visitor to the city will find The Barclay ideally suited to his business or social needs

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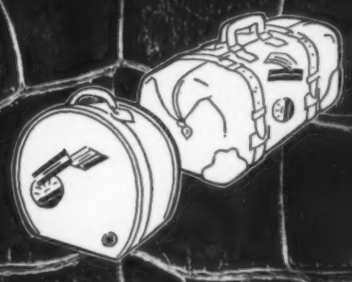

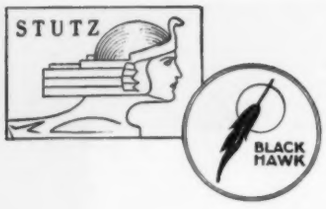

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

The King Who Was a King, by H. G. Wells (*Doubleday, Doran*). A motion-picture scenario guaranteed to promote world peace, but not guaranteed to add any glory to Mr. Wells' reputation.

The Green Parrot, by Princess Marthe Bibesco (*Harcourt, Brace*). Restrained and adroit study of aristocratic madness.

Loose Ladies, by Viña Delmar (*Harcourt, Brace*). Life on the Grand Concourse by One Who Knows.

Banjo, by Claude McKay (*Harper*). A gay account of the adventures of a group of black boys in the *Quartier Réservé* of Marseilles. Not for the kiddies.

Awake and Rehearse, by Louis Bromfield (*Stokes*). Collection of macabre short sketches, with a few really dramatic ones.

Cold Steel, by M. P. Shiel (*Vanguard Press*). Swashbuckling and incredible tale of how an innocent girl's virtue was preserved in the reign of Henry VIII. Exciting if you can translate Tudor English.

Dark Star, by Lorna Moon (*Bobbs-Merrill*). A young girl's story, sensitively but vigorously told by a new writer of unusual powers of characterization and narration.

Penny Dreadful, by Malcolm Ross (*Coward-McCann*). Entertaining romance exposing the inner workings of the tabloids.

Mimi Bluette, by Guido da Verona (*Dutton*). Escapades of an amoureuse, which reach a tragic climax. Sophisticated and amusing with more than a touch of real feeling.

Marie Bonifas, by Jacques de Lacratelle (*Putnam*). Early impressions of sex turn Marie Bonifas' natural emotions into unnatural channels. Interesting study of provincial French types.

Less recent:

The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena, by Grace Zaring Stone. Passing, by Nella Larsen. Stone Daugherty, by John P. Fort. Downfall, by Harold W. Brecht. Mad Fingers, by Hildegarde Huntsman. Father William, by Donald Ogden Stewart. Black Magic, by Paul Morand. Skippy, by Percy Crosby. Nellie Bloom, by Margery Latimer. Destinies, by François Mauriac.

Mysteries

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

Only Seven Were Hanged, by Stuart Martin (*Harper*). . . . Find the Woman, by Helen Joan Hultman (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . Murder by the Clock, by Rufus King (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . The Palgrave Mummy, by F. M. Pettee (*Payson & Clarke*). . . . Triumphs of Detection, by George Dilnot (*Hough-*

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ON LONG ISLAND
TEXAS GUINAN
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Ample Parking Space
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SUPPER FROM 10.30 P.M.
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Equipment and service that appeal to persons of refinement
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May we send interesting booklet?
Winter Resort: Princess Hotel, Bermuda

ton Mifflin). . . . The Murder of a Mystery Writer, by John Hawk (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . The Alchemy Murder, by Peter Oldfield (*Washburn*). . . . The Murder Book of J. G. Reeder, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*).

General

On the Bottom, by Commander Edward Ellsberg (*Dodd, Mead*). How the S-51 was salvaged from the sea. A thrilling tale.

Travels in the Congo, by André Gide (*Knopf*). Travel book illumined by fine writing and civilized observation.

Myths After Lincoln, by Lloyd Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Ironic and dramatic picture of the nation's collapse after Lincoln's death.

One Man's War, by Lieutenants Bert Hall and John J. Niles (*Holt*). Gay account of the Lafayette Escadrille.

Leopold of the Belgians, by Comte Louis de Lichtervelde (*Century*). In which a patriotic Belgian takes all the wickedness —and all the fun—out of the life of his late monarch.

The Hohenzollerns, by Herbert Eulenberg (*Century*). Amusing and good-natured tour through the ancestral portrait gallery of the ex-Kaiser.

Cavender's House, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (*Macmillan*). Magnificent narrative poem of a man alone with his conscience.

The Fate of the Jury, by Edgar Lee Masters (*Appleton*). Stories of the inner lives of the jurymen who served in "Doomsday Book," told in the manner of the "Spoon River Anthology."

Old Civilizations of the New World, by A. Hyatt Verrill (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Fascinating book on the rise and fall of the earliest Indian civilizations.

Devils, Drugs and Doctors, by Howard W. Haggard (*Harper*). The romantic story of the science of healing from medicine-man to doctor. As exciting as a novel, and admirably illustrated.

French France, by Oliver Madox Hueffer (*Appleton*). Where does one find the real France and the real French? Not a guidebook, except for an understanding of the country.

Mid-Channel, by Ludwig Lewisohn (*Harper*). The superbly written continuation of "Upstream," in which Mr. Lewisohn carries on his spiritual autobiography through the years of his exile.

Less recent:

The Lady Is Cold, by E. B. W. A Shopping Guide to Paris, by Thérèse and Louise Bonney. Henry the VIIIth, by Francis Hackett. Rope and Faggot: A Biography of Judge Lynch, by Walter White. Bryan, by M. R. Werner. Angels and Earthly Creatures, by Elinor Wylie. Mr. Gay, by Oscar Sherwin. Randolph of Roanoke, by Gerald W. Johnson.

•

Bald mount for sale. The entire mountain containing about 700 acres of land, towering 2,230 feet above sea level. Suitable for club and recreation purposes. Very good auto and truck road leading to top of the mountain. Will be sold at a sacrifice on account of old age.—*The Herald Tribune.*

What way is that to treat a bald old mountain?

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LIFT the cap from a tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream — brush up with its foaming lather—and sweep the razor over your face. Smooth stuff —well, rather. Ask any man who uses it.

And shaving isn't only smooth-running with Squibb's. It's freshening and bracing.

You're due for a shaving surprise, if you've never tried Squibb's Shaving Cream. The first time you use it you'll find the razor doing a brand-new sort of jolly, rollicking shaving.

Start shaving with Squibb's tomorrow. All drug stores have it, priced very reasonably at 40 cents an over-size tube.

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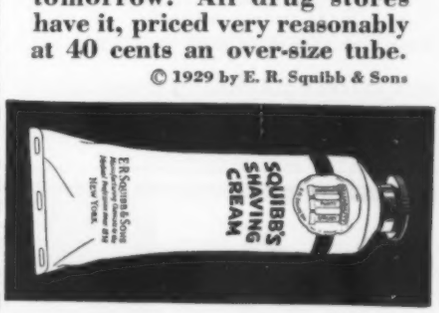

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